

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—Address, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE PROGRESS OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

It is good sometimes to pause and measure progress and take a survey of our present position. Rest will refresh, and assurance of the way already made will stimulate to renewed exertion.

It must, however, be borne in mind, through such a retrospect, that the progress of YOUNG ENGLAND cannot be counted by the usual signs—the results of polls at elections, of choice of mayors or aldermen, or even of town councillors or parish constables—nor by public meetings or petitions to Parliament, or majorities, or growing minorities in the Legislature. Our progress is silent as thought, unseen as emotion, unacknowledged as conviction. It is read rather in the tendencies of things than in its own proper shape. The name is not more famous, perhaps, and but little more familiar, but the spirit of YOUNG ENGLAND has been abroad and at work, moulding opinion in many ways, moving men to new trains of ideas and of action, and even swaying the proceedings of the Senate.

In Parliament there have been the hopefulest sayings and doings in recognition of our principles. Factions there have vied with each other in paying them lip homage, and kindly sentiments towards the hitherto uncared for multitudes have been echoed and re-echoed from either side of the House. The duty of a Government to help those who are least able to help themselves has been formally recognized. Nor this in words alone. There have been deeds manifesting that it is a conviction, and not a mere sentiment. It has been said by influential lips that the burdens of the state must be borne by those who are best able to endure them; that industry must be unfettered, and labour released from its bonds, and permitted to do the best it can for itself. A measure has been introduced, with unanimous applause, for the establishment of museums of art in corporation towns—a measure the very proposition of which marks a mighty march in civilization, and whose accomplishment will be a glorious feature in the history of YOUNG ENGLAND. Like support has been given to a proposal for extending the system of allotments, and giving to the poorest a direct interest in his native soil, a wholesome recreation, and an addition to his cottage comforts. A measure is promised for regulating the health of towns, by enactments which shall compel the rich to see that the poor about them have dwellings fit for human abode, with ample means for cleanliness; and, out-of-doors, public walks for recreation. To these we trust will be added a provision for entertainments in music,—in the public walks in the summer, in an assembly-room in the winter.

Thus will the poorest man in the community be taught that he has an interest in peace and order; that the world and the world's law are his friends; that he has a country kinder to him than any other place on God's earth—a home to which his heart may worthily cling. Thus will he learn to respect and love the society that extends respect and love to him; he will reciprocate benefits and blessings; in return for the labour of his good arm he will be admitted to a share of the advantages which society has prepared for the enjoyment of its

VOL. II. No. 29.

NEW SERIES.—No. 15. VOL. I.

worthy members; honest poverty will cease to be a reproach, and the dignity of labour will be universally acknowledged.

To this end we are advancing. The way, hitherto obscure and doubtful, is assuming definite shape, and looms out of the mist of futurity, cheering our toil and exhorting to perseverance. Among the public the progress of our principles is yet more evident than in the Senate. The foremost sign of this is the rapid decay of party spirit. Faction is almost extinct. Names have lost their spell. Men have ceased to quarrel for outs or ins. The good people of a country town will not waste their anger in disputing which of some certain place-hunters shall sit on the Treasury Benches; they will fight now only for practical measures. There is an extraordinary approach to unanimity in principles; whatever dissension there may be, is about the time and manner of their application, and how the end may be gained with the least disturbance to existing interests.

Another sign that the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND are making rapid progress in society, is shewn in the hearty reception everywhere given to THE CRITIC, as their exponent and representative. When we find its circulation daily extending; every reader not only expressing his approval, but emphatically proving the interest he takes in it, by personal exertions to spread its circulation among his friends; when each post brings to us letters from the most distant parts of the empire, glowing with congratulations, and hearty good wishes, and earnest exhortations to proceed in the course we have begun, proffering and breathing blessings, and bidding us "God speed," we cannot doubt that there is a public to whom we can address the language, so new in literature, which THE CRITIC has adventured; that there is an ample field for a Literary Journal having an opposite philosophy, another faith, different principles, from those of which the *Athenæum* is the able champion, and that the attempt is not so hopeless as some friends at first prophesied to establish an organ of British Literature and Art which shall recognize Religion, and vindicate the Divinity that is in Man.

In proof that such an attempt has been successful—that such a journal is already established, we need but point to the visible progress in recent numbers of THE CRITIC, and the higher position which it purposes shortly to assume by a weekly publication, the exertions of its friends having at length enabled it to take that final onward step, which they have so long and earnestly urged, which prudence has deferred until success was assured, but which its unexpected progress will now justify, to begin at the completion of the present volume.

Of this particulars will be given in our next; but we may state now that the weekly publication of THE CRITIC is not intended to entail upon its subscribers double cost. On the contrary, its price is to be so largely reduced that the possession of it weekly will be obtained by the addition of the merest trifle to the present annual subscription.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Letters and Despatches of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE MURRAY, G.C.B. &c. 3 vols. London, 1845. Murray.

MR. J. WELCHMAN WHATELEY, solicitor to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, certifies that when some improvements were contemplated at Blenheim, in the month of October 1842, it became his professional duty to superintend the removal of a quantity of deeds and papers from Hensington, near Woodstock, where they had been deposited, to a new muniment

room erected at Blenheim. In the place where they had lain, under the care of the steward, were three large chests filled with papers, which appeared to be a collection of useless accounts. But Mr. WHATELEY was not the man to trust to appearances. He resolved upon a personal inspection of the seeming lumber. His vigilance was rewarded. Quietly reposing at the bottom of one of the chests he found eighteen volumes, neatly bound in vellum. His surprise and pleasure may be imagined when, upon opening them, he discovered that they contained manuscript copies of despatches and letters of the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, in English, French, and some few in Latin. He adds, "I delivered the books to the Duke, who was not aware of their existence, nor were any of his Grace's connections; and it is clear from his work, that they were equally unknown to COXE, who wrote JOHN, Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S Life."

The volumes so bound in vellum were placed in the hands of Sir GEORGE MURRAY, to be by him edited for publication, and the task has been performed with the sound judgment that might have been anticipated. From so huge a mass selection was necessary, and it has been performed in accordance with the avowed design of preserving whatever tended to throw light upon the history of the times, or the character or career of the general, and excluding whatever was merely frivolous and gossiping.

A correspondence so vast and various cannot fail to offer much that is curious, much that is instructive, much that is simply amusing; and events thus described by the principal actor in them, have an interest which no second-hand narrator could impart, for they come to us vivid and fresh from the memory of an eye-witness. But, nevertheless, this is one of a class of books more valuable than readable. It is not a work through which any man would set himself deliberately to wade. It contains rather material for history than history itself. For reference in the historical library, to the future historian, to the novelist who may seek to paint the men and manners of the time, it will be a very treasure; but to the mere reader it cannot be recommended; to him it will appear so dull and prosy, that his perseverance will scarce suffice to carry him through the first volume, and certainly his courage would fail him before he had half perused the second.

The publication of these despatches of MARLBOROUGH provokes a comparison with those of WELLINGTON; and few will hesitate to prefer the latter for all the qualities that make the truly great man. With every allowance for the difference of manners in the times when they respectively flourished, there is not, under the formal and polite phrase of the one, the aspect of power felt to lurk in the *brusque*, curt, and pithy sentences of the latter. In the treatment of great questions, WELLINGTON exhibits a decision and a grasp of mind manifestly wanting in MARLBOROUGH. The letters of MARLBOROUGH are those of the courtier and the gentleman; the letters of WELLINGTON those of the soldier; and we should deem the latter to be much more the man of business than the former.

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About six we came in view of the enemy; who we found did not expect so early a visit. The cannon began to play at half-an-hour after eight. They formed themselves in two bodies; the Elector, with M. Marsin and their troops opposite our right, and M. De Tallard with all his opposed to our left, which last fell to my share. They had two little rivulets besides a morass before them, which we were obliged to pass over in their view; and Prince Eugene was forced to take a great compass to come to

the enemy; so that it was one o'clock before the battle began: it lasted with great vigour till sunset, when the enemy were obliged to retire, and, by the blessing of God, we obtained a complete victory. We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the action as in the retreat, besides upwards of thirty squadrons of the French which we pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish, M. De Tallard, with several of his general officers, being taken prisoners at the same time; and in the village of Blenheim, which the enemy had intrenched and fortified, and where they made the greatest opposition, we obliged twenty-six battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons to surrender themselves prisoners at discretion. We took likewise all their tents standing, with their cannon and ammunition, as also a great number of standards, kettle-drums, and colours, in the action; so that I reckon the greatest part of M. Tallard's army is taken or destroyed. The bravery of all our troops on this occasion cannot be expressed; the generals as well as the officers and soldiers behaving themselves with the greatest courage and resolution, the horse and dragoon having been obliged to charge four or five several times.

BATTLE OF DONAWERT.

Camp at Ebermergen, 3rd July, 1704.

Sir,—I now acknowledge the favour of your letters of the 6th and 9th past, and am very glad to acquaint you at the same time with a considerable advantage we have had over the Elector of Bavaria. Upon my coming on Tuesday with the army to Oeder Ringen I received advice that the Elector had sent a great body of his best troops to reinforce those on the Schellenberg near Donawert, where they had been fortifying and intrenching themselves for some time. This being a post of great consequence to the enemy, I resolved to attack it, and accordingly, yesterday, about three in the morning, I marched with a detachment of 6,000 foot, thirty squadrons of horse, and three regiments of Imperial grenadiers, leaving the whole army to follow; but the march being long and the roads very difficult, I could not reach the river Wernitz till about noon. We immediately used all the diligence we could in laying over the bridges, which being finished about three o'clock, the troops with the artillery marched over, and all things being ready the attack began about six. We found the enemy very strongly intrenched, and they defended themselves with great obstinacy for an hour and a half, during which there was a continued fire without any intermission; at last the enemy were forced to yield to the bravery of our troops, who made a great slaughter and possessed themselves of their camp, the Comte d'Arco, the Elector's general, with their other general officers, being obliged to save themselves by swimming over the Danube. We took fifteen pieces of cannon, with their tents, baggage, and ammunition; part of the latter being underground and not discovered by our men, blew up in the night and did some mischief to a squadron of Dutch dragoons. The loss on our side has been considerable, but I must refer you to my next for the particulars. * * * All our troops in general behaved themselves with great gallantry, and the English in particular have gained a great deal of honour in this action, which I believe was the warmest that has been known for many years, the horse and dragoons appointed to sustain the foot standing within musket-shot of the enemy's trenches most part of the time.

It appears that MARLBOROUGH had frequent occasion to complain of the neglect with which the troops were treated by the Government at home. Here is an extract from a despatch to HARLEY:—

A REMONSTRANCE.

Hitherto I have not one man with me but what is in the English and Dutch pay, and by a letter I had yesterday from Comte de Frise, who commands the troops that are coming from Prince Louis, I find it will be at least the 21st, instead of the 10th, before these troops will be with me; and some of the Prussians, I fear, will be yet later; so that you see, though by my march hither I find myself so placed as to be able to begin the siege of Saar-Louis, yet, for want of these troops, we are obliged to be idle a good part of the campaign, while the enemy are pursuing their designs without any manner of interruption. M. de Villars continues to intrench himself, notwithstanding his superiority; so that it is plain his whole aim is to give time to the Maréchal de Villeroy to act on the Meuse, where I find he has already alarmed them to such a degree in Holland that I dread the consequences of it, and am apprehensive every day of receiving such resolutions from the States as may entirely defeat all our projects on this side. I have not failed to represent this in very plain terms to the Emperor, that he may see where the fault lies, though I fear it will be too late for that court to give us any relief. Thus you see the unhappy circumstances we lie under. I wish my next may bring you better news.

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My Lord,—I have had the favour of your letter of the 28th of the last month; and in form you can give no answer to Count Wratislaw's proposition till I have consulted the Ministers at the Hague. I believe 10,000 English would live cheaper and be better pleased with a winter's quarters at Treves than in Holland. I do not doubt but your lordship sees the consequence of this proposition, which would be to send 10,000 men out of this service into the Emperor's.

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PHILOSOPHY.

Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox. Parts I. and II. London. C. Fox.

THE characteristic of these lectures is the extraordinary blending of philosophical reflection with practical good sense. They are a successful attempt to bring the wisdom of the study to bear directly upon the common affairs of the world, the everyday business of life, the politics and sectarianism of the times. Thus it is that they promise to be so useful, for we trust that the example will be followed by other thinkers, and that men holding different views from Mr. Fox will be stimulated to diffuse them in like manner, by applying them to the questions that really engage the attention, instead of being content with mere sermonizing and dogmatizing. Abstract truth, if comprehended by the illiterate, which we suspect it is rarely, is never remembered; it passes out of the mind as soon as the voice of the teacher has ceased to echo in the ear. But shew a man how it affects his welfare, describe its bearings upon the questions, social and political, that interest him, and of which he understands something, and he will listen eagerly, and your words will pass into his thoughts and be there reflected upon, and when the occasion recurs will be recalled, and will help to mould his opinions and guide his actions. This is the plan which it is the design of THE CRITIC to adopt in diffusing the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND; and though broadly differing from many of the views held by Mr. Fox, it cannot withhold its tribute of applause for the manner in which he has chosen to teach them, and for the singular ability and eloquence with which he has executed his purpose.

These two parts contain eight lectures; their subjects being "A Retrospect of the Year 1844;" "On Suicide;" "Temples and Theatres;" "Nicholas Copernicus and James Watt;" "King Charles the Martyr," and "The Recent Dissensions in the Church." It will be observed that all these topics are of present practical interest, and are treated with reference to principles. In his retrospect of the last year he touches on the various aspects of society, and indicates one sign of progress to which YOUNG ENGLAND may point with hopefulness as evidence that the foundations of its principles are laid in the hearts of the people:—

In the growing intelligence of the great masses of society we have a promise of progress for our own country. Short as the period of a year may be—but a petty fraction as compared with the duration of a state, yet it may serve to shew which way the tide is flowing. In the present instance I think it affords many indications that the intelligence of the great body of the industrial classes of this community is rapidly advancing. I trace those signs in the degree of self-culture which is evidently ex-

tending from year to year; in the evidences of information and thought which are furnished by almost every public meeting which is held; in the institutions every where rising, which, however feebly many of them may be supported, compared with their merits, or what might fairly have been expected from the public, are nevertheless so many centres of light and knowledge radiating around and exercising an useful influence, the value of which is not to be measured by the exact number of the subscribers or the amount of funds. On every hand I see intimations that the great body of the people are more and more thinking for themselves, and cultivating their own powers and faculties. This is proved by the increased appreciation of those whom it is most important they should rightly estimate—men of talent, research, imagination and poetical powers, who spring from their ranks. Look at the feeling which has been exhibited on every occasion upon which the name of the poet Thom has been mentioned of late. He was and is one of themselves; an individual belonging to the great mass; a working-man toiling with his own hands. There have been generations when, if such persons arose in the humbler ranks of life, the intellectual power or poetic gift in them must have found its appreciation, not in their own class, but in a higher grade of society. They must have stooped in order to rise; have become servile in order to obtain patronage; and have been tempted to degrade the bright and holy gift within them to obtain the position which seemed to belong to their intellectual acquirements. Whereas now their talent and genius are recognized and valued by their fellow-labourers in handicrafts, by men of like toilsome lives with themselves. They have found a ready response from those who, in former ages, would have furnished no part of their audience; but, on the contrary, would have turned a deaf ear to their songs, and have left them to choose between either perishing, or sinking into the sycophants of wealth and station. I mention Thom, as the recognition of a living poet is the strongest instance. Your approaching tribute to the memory of Robert Nicoll will precede any mark of appreciating his genius from those of loftier station and pretensions, who profess to glory in being the countrymen of Burns.

SCIENCE.

Modern Domestic Medicine: a Popular Treatise, &c. &c. By THOMAS J. GRAHAM, M.D. &c. 9th edition. London, 1844.

It would be tedious to copy the whole of the title-page of this volume. Nor is it necessary. A book which has attained a *ninth* edition is beyond the pale of criticism; it has received the sanction of the public, which for a production of this class is the best of credentials, because it speaks the result of experience, and by experience only can its worth be tried.

Dr. GRAHAM'S *Domestic Medicine* is too well known to justify our entering upon any elaborate description of its contents. It will suffice if we inform our readers, as one of the events that claim record in a journal of literature, the appearance of this new edition, being the ninth, and that it has received some corrections and additions, especially on the very important subjects of costiveness, chronic diseases in general, the cold-water system, and the diseases of females; and it has been further improved by the introduction of illustrative engravings, and a glossary of medical terms. The fault of the book is its too frequent reference to other works of the author, which not only perplexes the reader, but gives to it an air of quackery, from which the treatise is in reality remarkably free; it is therefore a pity that occasion should be afforded even for a suspicion of this bane of medical science. No family should be without this volume.

A Manual of Agricultural Chemistry, with its Application to the Soils of Ireland. By THOMAS ANTISELL. Dublin, 1844. Hodges and Smith.

The title of this little volume sufficiently describes its object; and as it is local in its application, we cannot devote to it any more of our space than will be sufficient to announce its publication to those interested in the topic, of which it treats with evident mastery, and in a style intelligible to the capacity even of a farmer.

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PHILOSOPHY.

Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox. Parts I. and II. London. C. Fox.

THE characteristic of these lectures is the extraordinary blending of philosophical reflection with practical good sense. They are a successful attempt to bring the wisdom of the study to bear directly upon the common affairs of the world, the everyday business of life, the politics and sectarianism of the times. Thus it is that they promise to be so useful, for we trust that the example will be followed by other thinkers, and that men holding different views from Mr. Fox will be stimulated to diffuse them in like manner, by applying them to the questions that really engage the attention, instead of being content with mere sermonizing and dogmatizing. Abstract truth, if comprehended by the illiterate, which we suspect it is rarely, is never remembered; it passes out of the mind as soon as the voice of the teacher has ceased to echo in the ear. But shew a man how it affects his welfare, describe its bearings upon the questions, social and political, that interest him, and of which he understands something, and he will listen eagerly, and your words will pass into his thoughts and be there reflected upon, and when the occasion recurs will be recalled, and will help to mould his opinions and guide his actions. This is the plan which it is the design of THE CRITIC to adopt in diffusing the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND; and though broadly differing from many of the views held by Mr. Fox, it cannot withhold its tribute of applause for the manner in which he has chosen to teach them, and for the singular ability and eloquence with which he has executed his purpose.

These two parts contain eight lectures; their subjects being "A Retrospect of the Year 1844;" "On Suicide;" "Temples and Theatres;" "Nicholas Copernicus and James Watt;" "King Charles the Martyr," and "The Recent Dissensions in the Church." It will be observed that all these topics are of present practical interest, and are treated with reference to principles. In his retrospect of the last year he touches on the various aspects of society, and indicates one sign of progress to which YOUNG ENGLAND may point with hopefulness as evidence that the foundations of its principles are laid in the hearts of the people:—

In the growing intelligence of the great masses of society we have a promise of progress for our own country. Short as the period of a year may be—but a petty fraction as compared with the duration of a state, yet it may serve to shew which way the tide is flowing. In the present instance I think it affords many indications that the intelligence of the great body of the industrial classes of this community is rapidly advancing. I trace those signs in the degree of self-culture which is evidently ex-

tending from year to year; in the evidences of information and thought which are furnished by almost every public meeting which is held; in the institutions every where rising, which, however feebly many of them may be supported, compared with their merits, or what might fairly have been expected from the public, are nevertheless so many centres of light and knowledge radiating around and exercising an useful influence, the value of which is not to be measured by the exact number of the subscribers or the amount of funds. On every hand I see intimations that the great body of the people are more and more thinking for themselves, and cultivating their own powers and faculties. This is proved by the increased appreciation of those whom it is most important they should rightly estimate—men of talent, research, imagination and poetical powers, who spring from their ranks. Look at the feeling which has been exhibited on every occasion upon which the name of the poet Thom has been mentioned of late. He was and is one of themselves; an individual belonging to the great mass; a working-man toiling with his own hands. There have been generations when, if such persons arose in the humbler ranks of life, the intellectual power or poetic gift in them must have found its appreciation, not in their own class, but in a higher grade of society. They must have stooped in order to rise; have become servile in order to obtain patronage; and have been tempted to degrade the bright and holy gift within them to obtain the position which seemed to belong to their intellectual acquirements. Whereas now their talent and genius are recognized and valued by their fellow-labourers in handicrafts, by men of like toilsome lives with themselves. They have found a ready response from those who, in former ages, would have furnished no part of their audience; but, on the contrary, would have turned a deaf ear to their songs, and have left them to choose between either perishing, or sinking into the sycophants of wealth and station. I mention Thom, as the recognition of a living poet is the strongest instance. Your approaching tribute to the memory of Robert Nicoll will precede any mark of appreciating his genius from those of loftier station and pretensions, who profess to glory in being the countrymen of Burns.

SCIENCE.

Modern Domestic Medicine: a Popular Treatise, &c. &c. By THOMAS J. GRAHAM, M.D. &c. 9th edition. London, 1844.

It would be tedious to copy the whole of the title-page of this volume. Nor is it necessary. A book which has attained a ninth edition is beyond the pale of criticism; it has received the sanction of the public, which for a production of this class is the best of credentials, because it speaks the result of experience, and by experience only can its worth be tried.

Dr. GRAHAM'S *Domestic Medicine* is too well known to justify our entering upon any elaborate description of its contents. It will suffice if we inform our readers, as one of the events that claim record in a journal of literature, the appearance of this new edition, being the ninth, and that it has received some corrections and additions, especially on the very important subjects of costiveness, chronic diseases in general, the cold-water system, and the diseases of females; and it has been further improved by the introduction of illustrative engravings, and a glossary of medical terms. The fault of the book is its too frequent reference to other works of the author, which not only perplexes the reader, but gives to it an air of quackery, from which the treatise is in reality remarkably free; it is therefore a pity that occasion should be afforded even for a suspicion of this bane of medical science. No family should be without this volume.

A Manual of Agricultural Chemistry, with its Application to the Soils of Ireland. By THOMAS ANTISELL. Dublin, 1844. Hodges and Smith.

THE title of this little volume sufficiently describes its object; and as it is local in its application, we cannot devote to it any more of our space than will be sufficient to announce its publication to those interested in the topic, of which it treats with evident mastery, and in a style intelligible to the capacity even of a farmer.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in India, including Scinde and the Punjab. By Captain LEOPOLD VON ORLICH. Translated from the German, by H. EVANS LLOYD, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1845.

ANXIOUS to flush his sword, Captain VON ORLICH quitted Prussia, where he had been an officer in the Guards, and proceeded to India, purposing to enter our service, but arrived just too late to share the fight, though just in time to witness the triumphs that followed Lord ELLENBOROUGH'S victories; and the most interesting portion of his volumes is that which narrates the doings of our Governor-General.

But this is not all that he tells. He describes his voyage out and home, an account of the Indus, an embassy to the Court of Lahore, and a journey through Delhi, Agra, and Carompoor.

The captain is a keen observer, a reflecting man, and an agreeable writer; and, as representing the opinions of an intelligent foreigner on our Indian empire, his work has a peculiar interest, and will command attention. He enjoyed special opportunities for taking notes, being much favoured by Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and he has not failed to make abundant use of his advantages. Hence, his book is not only instructive, but very amusing, and well adapted for the book club, as being much above the average of travels. A few extracts will shew this; but the growing demands of the season compel us to brevity, otherwise we should have been tempted to cull largely from the pages before us.

THE HEROES OF JELLALABAD.

At 8 o'clock General Sale's brigade defiled, the bands playing "God save the Queen," amid the thunder of the artillery, and the enthusiastic cheers of the army. A joyous yet affecting sensation pervaded the whole assembly, when the officers and soldiers, led by the heroine of the day, Lady Sale, mounted on a magnificent elephant, saluted their friends. The brave warriors who followed, showed not a trace either of the privations of a protracted siege, or of the fatigues of a long march. In the rear of the troops came the baggage, the whole presenting the most strange, but most faithful picture of a march of crusaders. Invalids mounted on elephants and camels, and others more seriously ill in palanquins or doolies; camels, oxen, and asses heavily laden; here, an Afghan female closely veiled, with trellis embroidery before her eyes, and wrapped in a white robe, which merely exposed her small feet, covered with gold-embroidered slippers; there, a mother with her child on a camel; children on ponies, fondling a cat or a dog, or watching pigeons and fowls in baskets; fettered game-cocks and fighting rams; men, women, and children in the strangest costumes; Afghan chiefs with their families; merchants and servants of the most diverse nations and professions, flocks of sheep and goats, and waggons drawn slowly by oxen. The passage of this motley train of one brigade, across both the bridges, lasted full four hours! We were never tired of looking at this diminutive emigration of the nations, and remained nearly an hour longer lost in contemplation and reflection. We afterwards assembled at breakfast, in a tent pitched near one of the bridges, where these varied scenes were again brought before us.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S POMP.

In front of the tent of the Governor-General is a road, one hundred and fifty paces broad, along which are pitched the tents of the superior civil and military officers and aides-de-camp composing the administration; above forty clerks belong to the department of the Secretary of Government alone. At the end of this road or street is the tent which has been put up for me: it is divided into three compartments, with double walls and roofs, thirty feet long and twenty broad. The Governor-General has a body-guard of two officers and one hundred and twenty cavalry soldiers, and hundreds of servants. A regiment of cavalry, another of infantry, and a brigade of artillery, do duty in the camp. Lord Ellenborough's Durbar tent consists of three large tents; and is 168 feet long, 32 broad, and 28 high. The apartments are covered with the most costly carpets, and are lighted up in the evening with chandeliers; iron stoves impart warmth and cheerfulness; and a canopy, in front of which the standard of England floats on a lofty pole, marks the entrance. From this Durbar tent a glass door leads through a covered passage to the dwelling and sleeping tents. When we sat down to dinner, which was served on silver, the band of the Governor-General struck up "God save the Queen;" a servant in a scarlet livery stood behind the chair of each guest, while two stately Hindoo attendants fanned his lordship with a chowree made of the tufted tail of the Hindoo ox, in a slow and measured movement.

THE SHABUNAR AT LAHORE.

Shalibagh or Shalimar, the garden of the emperor Shah Jehan, who reigned from 1627 to 1656, bears this inscription,—"House of joy," and is built in the same style as the Shalimar in Kashmir. It is an oblong parallelogram, surrounded by a high wall, 1200 paces in length, and 800 in breadth, with three terraces of equal size rising successively ten feet above each other. A canal brought from a great distance crosses this delightful garden, and discharges itself in the middle terrace, into a large marble basin: nearly 500 fountains rise from this basin and from the canal, and cool the air most delightfully. In the centre of the garden is a small palace of white marble, and other pavilions and structures are scattered about in various places; but they are all going to decay. The garden is full of tall magnificent trees, but we were especially struck with some avenues of oranges, which were richly laden with such an abundance of large fruit, that the branches seemed ready to break under the weight. The whole garden, even to the remotest parts, was most tastefully and splendidly illuminated with thousands of small lamps, gay paper lanterns, torches, and wheels of fire; and from time to time fireworks diffused the most singular lights and colours, by which the garden seemed to float in an ocean of flame. After strolling about in this magic scene, we assembled in the marble villa round a long table, when we were regaled with fruits and champagne; and some bayaderes were also there, with the vain hope that they would afford amusement: they were the first handsome women whom his highness had introduced, and two of them especially were exceedingly beautiful. They sat at the feet of the Maharaja; caressing sometimes him and sometimes the young prince, and even extended that favour to any one who looked complacently at them. A person present making a remark on their gracefulness, his highness requested that they might be courted at pleasure!

A TEMPLE AT BENARES.

The Gyan-bapee is surrounded by pagodas and places of prayer; and it is so closely encompassed with buildings, that we were obliged to dismount from our elephant several streets before we reached it. It is impossible to conceive any thing more dirty, disgusting, or repulsive, than the sight of this Hindoo sanctuary, which amply proves how much this religion has degenerated.

Several priests conducted us into the interior. The well is thirty feet deep, and is surrounded by a wall of hewn stone and fret-work, round which there are stone seats; the water was dirty and green. Close to the well there is a platform, composed of blocks of granite, on which the holy cow stood. On one of the stone benches, by the wall of the well, sat a very aged little man, crouched together; and though silvery locks hung over his temples, and his countenance was furrowed and wrinkled, his eyes sparkled with youthful fire, and he spoke with enthusiasm of the sanctity and wonders of this sacred spot. He was resolved, he said, to await his death here, as he was convinced that this would facilitate his way to heaven. At his side stood a naked fakir, whose hair hung like ropes from his head to the calves of his legs, and who had painted his body and face in such a strange and hideous manner that I could not take my eyes off him. He appeared to answer our compassionate looks with scorn and contempt.

Adjoining the well are several small dark temples and places of prayer, which are lighted only by lamps: one of these temples is set apart for childless women. As we were considered unclean, we were not permitted to enter the sanctuary, in which their god, hewn in stone, was surrounded by numerous lamps; and we were obliged to content ourselves with looking at it through the narrow door. Sacred cows and calves were walking about in several apartments: two of these animals lay dead upon the floor, and the pestilential smell quickly drove us into the open air.

THE BAYADERES.

We were much amused with our rides through the old bazaar, a long, narrow, and dirty street, in which the principal business of Lucknow, with all its peculiarities, is centred. The bazaars are kept on the ground-floors of the houses, which are three stories high; the two upper stories are furnished with neatly-carved verandas, which run like balconies in front of the sitting-rooms. As soon as the sun declines, the inmates of these houses appear in the balconies in a variety of groups, and look at the traffic in the streets; and as most of the bayaderes reside here, and appear unveiled, I had ample opportunity of seeing these fair women of Lucknow. They were all bare-headed, and their beautiful black hair fell down in braids, or was interwoven with jewels: most of them wore large nose-rings, which hung over the corners of the mouth, and their long ear-rings touched their shoulders. Very few of them could be called pretty, but they have piercing eyes, which look the more brilliant, because their eyelids are blackened with antimony. A coloured scarf was thrown lightly and gracefully across the neck and shoulders, and displayed rather than concealed the fine contour of the upper part of their persons. They

did not fail to make many remarks upon us, and sought to draw our attention, by laughing, joking, and tittering; but it is by no means advisable to pay any attention to them, as these bayaders are extremely importunate.

Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking. Translated from the Italian by FORTUNATO FRANDI. Post 8vo. London, 1844. Murray.

THIS entertaining book, now for the first time laid before the English reader, forms the fifteenth volume of Mr. MURRAY's useful and popular series *The Home and Colonial Library*.

FATHER RIPA was by birth an Italian, not originally intended for the priesthood. Up to the age of eighteen he had passed so depraved a life that he frankly owns he could not describe it without shocking the reader. About this time, however, as he was one day strolling through the streets of Naples in search of amusement, he chanced upon a Franciscan friar, who, mounted upon a bench, was just about to address the people. The young profligate stopped purely out of curiosity, listened with deepening interest, grew alarmed at the perilous condition of his soul, repented of the sinful course he had thoughtlessly pursued, and then resolved at once to reform. With this view, and that he might profit instantly by this important determination, he went, at the close of the friar's discourse, straightway to the Church of St. Francis, and there vowed to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of God.

Having formally enrolled himself in the Congregation of the Holy Mary of Purity, he began actively to prepare himself for the priesthood; and a brief while afterwards, at the command of his confessor Father TORRES, he entered the Propaganda, with the intention of qualifying himself for the duties of a missionary to the Chinese. The record he has given of his feelings and emotions during his novitiate, and the pictures he has drawn of his life, its privations, hardships, and difficulties, abound in interest, and are often touching; they are conveyed, too, with a simplicity and graphic force that reminds the reader perpetually of the manner of the author's countryman CELLINI.

The Pope having received intelligence that M. de TOURNON, whom he had sent to China as Apostolical Commissioner, had been favourably received by the emperor, his Holiness resolved to forward him the cardinal's hat by some missionaries; and of these Father RIPA, to his great joy, was named one. Accordingly, after receiving an exhortation, and certain faculties and indulgences from the Pope, he set out, full of hope and zeal, on his mission. He sailed from London in an English ship; and the narrative he has given of his voyage is pleasing in a high degree, and on the whole favourable to the character of the heretics among whom he sailed.

SUNDAY ON BOARD AN ENGLISH MERCHANT SHIP.

The captain had given orders, that whoever should be absent from prayers on Sunday, either morning or afternoon, should be deprived of his share of bread and water. There were in the ship some sailors who were Catholics, and did not attend; but they were in no way molested. It once happened that some of the sailors having stayed away two or three times, were, by command of the captain, bound fast with cords, with their arms uplifted; but one of them to escape punishment said that he was a Catholic, and the captain believing, or pretending to believe his assertion, exempted him from punishment. In the afternoon, however, the man appeared at prayers, and thus proved how easily he could deny his religion.

The principal officers played almost every day at draughts, but on the Sunday no one attempted it; and many of those who could read, might be seen during a great part of the day with a bible in their hands. One of the company who was employed in drawing a geographical map, wishing to continue his work on a Sunday, received a severe reprimand from the captain: such is the rigour with which these heretics observe the Lord's day.

After a tediously long and comparatively uneventful voyage of a year and nine months, of which but a few weeks were passed at the Cape and in India, Father RIPA reached China—the long-hoped for scene of his future labours, on the 2nd January, 1710. At Macao, his fellow-missionaries and he had the misfortune to find the Cardinal de TOURNON in prison, and a still greater mortification awaited him in the necessity that compelled him to relinquish his calling as a missionary, for that of an artist. This may best be conveyed in his own language.

After duly considering the indignities to which our holy religion was exposed in his own person and in those of the missionaries, his Eminence resolved to address a remonstrance to the Viceroy at Canton, and at the same time to transmit with it a despatch for the Emperor, announcing his promotion to the rank of Cardinal, and the arrival of six missionaries, three of whom were acquainted with mathematics, music, and painting. His Eminence was induced to take this step by the recollection that, when he was at Peking, the Emperor had asked him to write, in his name, to the Pope for some missionaries skilled in the arts and sciences; and he now hoped to recover the favour of the monarch by sending him Father Fabri, Don Pedrini, and myself, in the above capacities. When I heard that, by this arrangement, I was doomed to quit my favourite vocation for the purpose of cultivating an art of which I knew only the rudiments, I could not refrain from expressing my bitter dissatisfaction; but reflecting that it was at that moment impossible to benefit the cause of our religion as a missionary, I soon resigned myself to obedience.

Three months afterwards the Cardinal died, and Father RIPA gives the following narrative of the apparition of his Eminence having been seen at that moment:—

Bishop Mullener, a man of truly apostolical piety, was engaged in prayer in the province of Soo-chow-en, when he suddenly perceived the Cardinal before him, radiant in countenance, and clad in pontifical garments, who said to him, "I depart for Paradise," and then disappeared. This was told by the Bishop to Father Appiani, who suffered for eighteen years in a Chinese jail for having obeyed the Cardinal rather than the Board of Rites; and Father Appiani repeated it to me, when, as I was passing through Canton on my return to Europe, I paid him a visit in his prison.

In obedience to an order received from the Emperor, Father RIPA and his companions set out for Peking, to join the Emperor. On their arrival at Nan Chang-foo, they were warned not to undertake, in the service of the Emperor, any art which they did not thoroughly understand. Were the Chinese practice but adopted in this country, the medical profession would not be over-crammed, as it now is.

A PHYSICIAN'S FEE IN CHINA.

While we were at dinner we received the intelligence that a lay-brother had been robbed at a place called Lo-hua, about twelve miles distant. Having some skill in the medical art, he had been commanded by the Emperor to visit his twentieth son, who was ill. Either from not understanding the disorder, or from reluctance to give pain to the monarch, he pronounced that there was no danger. Not long after, the prince died, and the lay-brother was kicked, cuffed, and beaten so severely, by order of the Emperor, that he fell seriously ill in consequence, and was now repairing to Macao, on leave of absence. This must not surprise my readers, for I can add that, while in Peking, I was acquainted with some medical men who, having attended one of the imperial family, and not having succeeded in their treatment of the case, received a severe flogging, by the Emperor's command, and, still smarting from the lashes, were sent to prison, loaded with heavy chains. Fortunately for them, another member of the imperial family was taken ill, and they were ordered to attend the patient during the whole of his illness, without, however, being freed from their chains. Having succeeded this time in effecting a cure, they were set free, but on condition that they must continue to wear round their necks a small chain fastened with a clasp, as a warning for the future. Taught by these and many other similar occurrences, the Jesuits, who were in the Emperor's service as mathematicians, painters, watchmakers, surgeons, or in other capacities, would never undertake to serve him as physicians.

To this we can add, on the authority of one of the Hakims of the Shah of Persia, that at the *present day*, though a physician is not thus punished for his failure to cure, yet no remuneration is made if the patient does not recover.

It is surprising that among a people so humanized as the Chinese, there should prevail the following

BARBAROUS CUSTOM.

There is nothing unusual in seeing children abandoned; it occurs daily throughout this vast empire. When mothers are poor, and have large families, or observe any defect upon the body of an infant, or any indication of an illness likely to become troublesome and expensive, they cast away the little creature without remorse. This cruel custom is also generally practised by unmarried women who have children, and especially by the members of a sect called Necoo, who pretend to live in spotless chastity. The poor infants are secretly thrown into a river, or left near the public road, in the hope that some passen-

ger may take pity on them and carry them home. This sometimes happens, but generally the unfortunate beings are devoured by wild beasts. Not far from the walls of Peking, I myself saw one infant under the paws of a dog, and another between the teeth of a hog. By a charitable provision of the Emperor, carts are sent round the walls of his immense capital every morning in order to collect castaway infants, and carry them to a certain temple, where a number of women are employed to nurse them at his expense; but, owing to the want of proper attention, out of a hundred of these numerous ill-fated children, scarcely ten survive. Well acquainted with this state of things, the Jesuits have appointed a Chinese Christian to baptize all the infants that are brought to that temple. To do this, however, they are obliged to obtain permission from the bonzes, which they must purchase with money. In this manner not less than three thousand children are baptized every year.

Having reached Peking, Father RIPA and his companions were at once conducted by the Emperor's command to the palace. The subjoined is his account of their reception:—

When the dinner was over we were presented to his Majesty in his private apartments. He was seated, after the fashion of the Tartars, on a divan covered with velvet, and had before him a small table, upon which were placed some books and writing materials. Upon his right and left were some European missionaries, with some eunuchs, having their feet close together and their arms hanging down, which, in China, is a sign of modesty and respect. Following the instructions received from the mandarins, as soon as we were within sight of the Emperor, we hastened our steps to the divan on which he was seated; and there we stood a few moments, with closed feet and arms hanging down. Then, at a signal given by the master of the ceremonies lowering his hand, we bent our knees; and, after remaining a short time in this position, at another signal we inclined slowly our heads till we touched the ground with the forehead; and this was repeated a second and a third time. After these three prostrations we arose to our feet, and then we again repeated them in the same manner, till they amounted to nine. This homage is called *tah-lee*, that is, the great or solemn ceremony. Subsequently, when we went into the presence of the emperor, which was a frequent occurrence, we only knelt once; excepting at certain annual solemnities, such as the emperor's birth-day, the first day of the year, and some few other occasions, when the nine prostrations were indispensable.

After these ceremonies his Majesty asked which of us had made any progress in the Chinese language, as he had been informed by the mandarins appointed to attend us that one of the five had done so. He was answered that I was the one. He then inquired our names, country, and profession, and whether we had brought any new mathematical works with us. He also ordered Signor Pedrini to play some music; put some questions to Signor Fabri concerning mathematics; and said something to me about painting. To this point the conversation had been kept up by means of interpreters. The emperor now commanded me to answer the next question in Chinese, expressing myself as well as I could. He addressed me very slowly, employing many synonymous words, in order that I might understand him; and was very patient with me, making me repeat the words, till at length he made out what I meant. The question was as to the cause of Cardinal de Tournon's death at Macao. At the termination of the audience we were obliged to hasten out of the apartment as quickly as possible, which is a mark of respect paid to the emperor. Having thus left the presence, I was informed by the mandarins, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that I should go to the palace to paint; and, accordingly, I entered upon my duty on the following day.

From this time Father RIPA pursued his avocation of painter, and occasionally of engraver, under protection of the Emperor, with whom he travelled on the removal of the court annually from Peking to Je-hol and back, and who, on the whole, treated him with kindness and liberality. The descriptions given by our author of the scenery and broad aspect of the country, and his remarks upon the people, their customs and manners, are spirited, graphic, and doubtless truthful. We select as many as our space will afford.

ORIGIN OF SMALL FEET IN CHINESE LADIES.

From their inordinate jealousy arose the custom of crippling the feet of the women, in order to render walking a torment, and induce them to remain at home. I was informed by Chinese that the first who discovered this stratagem was one of their ancient emperors, who purposely hinted that nothing was more beautiful in a woman than to have the smallest feet possible. This imperial opinion being made public throughout China, every husband desired that his wife should be in the fashion, and mothers sought to secure to their daughters an imaginary beauty

which it was found could be procured by art. Accordingly, at the tender age of three months, female infants have their feet bound so tightly that the growth of this part of the body is entirely stopped, and they cannot walk without hobbling and limping; and if upon any occasion they endeavour to quicken their pace, they are in danger of falling at every step. Even when walking at a slow pace, they find it impossible to balance their bodies upon a support so small and disproportionate, and are consequently obliged to walk like ducks, waddling about from right to left. In cases of marriage, the parties not being able to see each other, it is customary to send the exact dimensions of the lady's foot to her intended, instead of sending him her portrait, as we do in Europe. In this particular, indeed, their taste is perverted to such an extraordinary degree, that I knew a physician who lived with a woman with whom he had no other intercourse but that of viewing and fondling her feet.

From time immemorial the Chinese have excelled all other people in the art of pyrotechny. There is interest in the subjoined description of

CHINESE FIREWORKS.

Upon our return to Chan-choon-yuen, we were all invited by the Emperor to witness the display of fireworks annually made to celebrate the new year. In the evening, therefore, we all assembled in a large open space within the inclosure of the imperial gardens. The Emperor was present, together with his ladies, but concealed from public view. The grand spectacle commenced with what appeared to be a great fountain of fire rising out of the ground. While this was burning, a great chest was raised into the air to the height of nearly one hundred feet, and from thence it let down a splendid wheel of fire. This was no sooner out than a great column descended from the chest to the earth, consisting of an infinite number of little stars, and accompanied by four other columns formed of paper lanterns, all illuminated within. This beautiful sight lasted a considerable time, when another burning fountain appeared, nearly similar to the last; then a variety of columns of different shapes and colours, which also continued some time, keeping the spectators in a state of enchantment, all the Europeans admitting that they had never seen any thing so admirable in their own countries. This part of the spectacle was succeeded by a pyrotechnic exhibition which the Chinese call *the war*, being a discharge of numberless rockets, which move in opposite directions, and then strike against some boards, producing a noise exactly similar to that of arrows shot from two contending armies. While this was going on, flaming fountains arose out of the earth in various directions, wheels and girandoles of fire were in motion on all sides, and the uproar was completed by continued and powerful reports like volleys of artillery. Fireworks, more or less splendid according to circumstances, are also exhibited on this occasion at the seats of persons of rank, for the amusement and diversion of the ladies, and the lower orders in general are particularly fond of this amusement.

A ROYAL MUSICIAN.

The Emperor supposed himself to be an excellent musician, and a still better mathematician; but though he had a taste for the sciences and other acquirements in general, he knew nothing of music, and scarcely understood the first elements of mathematics. There was a cymbal or a spinet in almost every apartment, but neither he nor his ladies could play upon them: sometimes indeed with one of his fingers he touched a note, which was enough, according to the extravagant flattery practised at the court of China, to throw the by-standers into ecstasies of admiration, as I myself have often witnessed. I must say that I was not a little surprised to find how Kang-hy, who was really a man of enlarged understanding, believed all the exaggerated praises of his courtiers, and was childishly vain.

Father RIPA, accompanying the Emperor from Peking to his summer residence, Je-hol, in Tartary, had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse. Upon hearing of the accident the Emperor sent him a Tartar surgeon, whose treatment, though barbarous, seems founded on good sense, and at all events was successful.

A TARTAR SURGEON.

This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing-point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers.

He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free.

A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that, if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position.

The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Esculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards."

The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary.

CURIOUS MODE OF HUNTING.

The Emperor took part in another species of sport, unknown in Europe, and less fatiguing. He set out by night with all the great company above mentioned, and when within two miles of the spot selected for the sport he left the army, and ascended to the top of a hill with six or seven hunters, clothed in stag-skins from head to foot. Here one of the hunters put on a kind of mask resembling a stag's head with horns, and concealed himself among the bushes in such a manner that at first sight he might be taken for a stag, while the Emperor and the others crouched down close by—all being armed with good guns, to the ends of which were fixed small pieces of stag's horn. The stags are followed by several does, which they will not allow any other stag to approach. Early in the morning they instinctively raise a cry of challenge; the other stags arrive, and a fight ensues, which continues till one is slain, when the victor takes possession of his rival's herd of does. One of the hunters now blows an instrument which, both in shape and sound, very much resembles those with which our herdsman call the swine, and which closely imitates the belling of the stag. At this sound the stags hasten to the hill, and, seeking their supposed rival, they come within gun-shot, and meet with their death. The Emperor had the first shot, and if he missed, the stag was quickly killed by the huntsmen. It happened one day that at the sound of the horn not one stag only but two appeared at the same time within shot, and began to fight. One of them was soon hit by the Emperor, and the other, instead of running away, strove to finish his dying rival, thus giving his Majesty the opportunity of killing him also with the second shot. The sport lasts only about two hours, as later in the day it would have no effect; and every morning from five to ten stags were thus killed.

On the occasion of the celebration of the Emperor's sixtieth birthday, among others who congratulated his Majesty was

A BAND OF AGED MEN.

A vast number of aged but healthy men had been sent to Peking from all the provinces. They were in companies, bearing the banner of their respective provinces. They also carried various other symbols and trophies, and being symmetrically drawn up along the streets through which the Emperor was to pass, they presented a very beautiful and uncommon appearance. Every one of these old men brought a present of some kind to the Emperor, which generally consisted of vases and other articles in bronze. His Majesty gave to each of them twelve silver tahel, a coin worth about five shillings, together with a gown of yellow silk, which is the imperial colour. They afterwards assembled altogether in a place where the Emperor went to see them; and it was found that this venerable company amounted to four thousand in number. His Majesty was highly gratified with this spectacle; he inquired the age of many, and treated them all with the greatest affability and condescension.

He even invited them all to a banquet, at which he made them sit in his presence, and commanded his sons and grandsons to serve them with drink. After this, with his own hand, he presented every one of them with something; to one who was the most aged of the whole assembly, being nearly a hundred and eleven years old, he gave a mandarin's suit complete, together with a staff, an inkstand, and other things.

THE VALUE OF A BEARD.

The Chinese do not shave; but their beards are so thin that the hairs might be counted: the few they have, however, they value even to ridicule. Father Perreyra having once perceived a white hair on the face of a mandarin, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, hastened to pluck it out, supposing that he did him a service. The mandarin, on the contrary, was both vexed and grieved at the loss; and picking up the hair, he wrapped it carefully in a piece of paper, and took it home. The Emperor himself was not exempt from this weakness. He once commanded Father Rod, who acted as his surgeon, to cure him of a boil that had formed upon his face. Father Rod prescribed a plaster, saying that, in order to apply it properly, it would be necessary to cut off a few hairs from his Majesty's beard; and the Emperor, after a long consultation with his looking-glass, ordered the most dexterous of his eunuchs to cut them. Immediately after the operation he looked at himself again, and, with marks of deep grief, he bitterly reproved the eunuch for having so grossly blundered as to cut off four hairs when three would have been quite enough.

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS.

When the Emperor's presence was required in the outer palace on some business, he generally went by water; and, as he necessarily passed under my window, I also saw him. He always came in a boat with some concubines, and with a train of other boats loaded with ladies. On reaching the spot where, by a secret door, he entered the room in which he gave audience, he left the concubines behind, in charge of the eunuchs. I saw him several times about the gardens, but never on foot. He was always carried in a sedan chair, surrounded by a crowd of concubines, all walking and smiling. Sometimes he sat upon a high seat, in the form of a throne, with a number of eunuchs standing around him; and, watching a favourable moment, he suddenly threw among his ladies, grouped before him on carpets of felt, artificial snakes, toads, and other loathsome animals, in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scamper away with their crippled feet. At other times he sent some of his ladies to gather filberts and other fruits upon a neighbouring hill, and pretending to be craving for some, he urged on the poor lame creatures with noisy exclamations, until some of them fell to the ground, when he indulged in a loud and hearty laugh. Such were frequently the recreations of his Imperial Majesty, and particularly in the cool of the summer evenings. Whether he was in the country, or at Peking, he saw no other company but his ladies and eunuchs; a manner of life which, in my opinion, is one of the most wretched, though the worldly consider it as the height of happiness.

EXECUTION OF A COURTIER.

This court had condemned Mo-lao to be beheaded, which in China is as disgraceful as the gallows in Europe, but the Emperor did not approve of the sentence, and commanded him to be again conducted into the province of Shen-sy. He was accordingly conducted thither in chains, without being permitted to see any one of his family, or to have any of his servants to attend him, and on arriving at the place of his destination, he was kept prisoner in a Tartar temple for several months. At last he was informed that the Emperor condemned him to die by his own hands, and the executioner, after freeing him from his chains, gave him a cup of poison, a halter, and a dagger, that he might choose for himself whichever death he preferred, but he left him no food. The next day the executioner returned, expecting to find him dead; but seeing that he was still alive, he urged the necessity of instant execution: Mo-lao then taking off a coat of mail adorned with gold, gave it to the man to get more time allowed. The executioner accepted the gift, and went to the mandarins to report that he had not yet killed himself; but on the following day, finding him once more alive, he stifled him beneath a sack of sand. After this his body was burnt, and, to complete the tragedy, his ashes were scattered to the winds.

Upon the death of the Emperor, who had protected and befriended him, Father RIPA, after a residence of thirteen years in China, determined to return to Europe. He carried with him five young Chinese, with the intention of founding a college in Italy, for the education of native and other missionaries for the East. After encountering and surmounting many difficulties, he at length succeeded in founding the Chinese College, still existing at Naples, and from which Lord MA-

CARTNEY obtained two interpreters for his embassy. The Reverend Father expired peaceably on the 22nd November, 1745, after seeing his fondest wish accomplished.

The present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales. By CHARLES GRIFFITH, A.M. Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Longmans.

OUR colonies are become of considerable importance, both to Government and the people. Upwards of a hundred are now under the sway of the British Crown. Port Philip, although so recently discovered, is amongst the most promising. In less than nine years, a wild, scarcely known to the inhabitants of any civilized nation, has become one of the most flourishing and prosperous of the English colonial possessions. The Christian has supplanted the rough uneducated savage; the horse and ox labour where roamed the kangaroo, and civilization reigns in the place where barbarism and ignorance alone prevailed. True, the humanizing influences of art, the refinements resulting from the spread and study of poetry, and the stiff accuracy acquired by an intimate knowledge of the sciences, have not yet been felt. The appearance of many parts, as pictured by writers, presents itself to the homely mind as rather aboriginal. But man exists there, and enough that he is the offspring of England. The means for readily supplying bodily comforts, and for meeting the demands of a rapidly-increasing population once attained, Mind will not be long in making her presence seen, and heard, and felt. Philosophers will arise, and poets spring forth, perhaps to astonish the world. Even in contemplating Canada, with her luxuriant and wide-spreading corn-grounds, one is unable to imagine what fertile sources of benefit for the employment of English capital, industry, and civilization, this newly-discovered land may produce. We say for English civilization, for in that the mother-country is far from having arrived at perfection. Science has done much, and poetry more, within the last century, but there is a still loftier position to be attained, a much higher and nobler pinnacle to mount. A universal sympathy must be the regnant principle within the breast of humanity; poetry must diffuse her tranquillizing influences still wider; science and poetry must travel hand in hand, and appear to be what they really are, handmaids and helpmates to civilization;—they must no more do battle, each seemingly opposing the progress of the other.

Mr. GRIFFITH begins his book with a very foolish excuse for its origin. He says, it was written "to divert the solitude of an Australian hut." Now this is absolute silliness. There is an old truism, that what costs us nothing to produce is not worth presenting to others: and before publishing such an excuse as this, Mr. GRIFFITH ought to have recollected that a certain author once boasted of his having written, in a few days, a three-volumed account of his life; but the sequel was, that the work, when published, existed only about as many days more. And this rule is evident throughout the literature of our day. What costs no labour to obtain is seldom worth much. Were we at all inclined to be severe, we would advise Mr. GRIFFITH, if his book should ever reach a second edition, to take it back to the "Australian hut," and in that "solitude" endeavour to correct the many dubious and inelegant sentences with which it abounds. But with this slight allusion we pass over the defects, and notice what is commendable. The volume contains much information, and there is a marked adherence to *facts* throughout. Imagination lends but little assistance, and is never revelled in.

The first chapter is devoted to a description of the town of Melbourne, the neighbourhood of which is described as particularly beautiful in many parts. "It is difficult, when you see trees intermixed with the most graceful flowering shrubs, grouped with all the effect which a landscape gardener could desire, and growing from a greensward naturally free from overgrowing weeds or brushwood, not to fancy that the hand of man had been engaged in combining and arranging these elements of natural beauty. The scarcity of rivers and water-courses, although rather bewailed as a misfortune, is believed to have been one of the causes which tended so early and quickly to develop the resources of the country. There are few spots on the face of the globe where the nature of the surface would have permitted a handful of men to spread themselves so fearlessly and to occupy such an extent of territory as

they have done in Australia, and which of course they could not have done had the deep rivers been more numerous." But Melbourne is fortunate in this respect, being situated on the banks of the river Yarra, which provides a never-failing supply of water, and which is navigable for ships of 200 tons burden. The climate of Port Philip is mild; the cold is never so great as that of England, and there is rarely any fall of snow. In summer the heat is generally tempered by a cold breeze, and the nights, excepting when the hot winds prevail, are always cool. Added to this superior climate, Australia boasts a soil hardly equalled by any other country. "Port Philip raises in abundance almost every product of central and southern Europe. The vine, the fig-tree, the peach, the plum, the apple, and the melon all grow most luxuriantly, while the common vegetables, onions in particular, attain a great size and perfection." Potatoes, wheat, barley, and Indian corn also thrive well. In January, 1844, the hire for farm servants was 20*l.* a year each, besides weekly rations of ten pounds of flour, twelve pounds of meat, a quarter of a pound of tea, and two pounds of sugar.

The population of the Port Philip district is, we learn, about 20,000 persons, nearly half of whom reside in the town of Melbourne alone. This is looked upon as a great evil, but one created by the fact of Government sending out too large a number of artisans and men with families. They are, however, gradually dispersing themselves and obtaining employment as farm labourers. The value of the Port Philip exports during 1843, was 232,602*l.*, the principal items in which were for sheep and wool. The number of stock in this district in the same year was, sheep, 1,404,333; cattle, 100,792; horses, 4,605. A considerable trade is done in the exportation of tallow, and our author gives a curious account of the manner in which sheep are boiled and "rendered down," to extract the greasy portions of their carcasses. A ewe of sixty pounds weight will, when treated in the manner described, yield twenty-four pounds of tallow, which sells at threepence per pound. A good trade is also carried on in the exportation of horses, salt beef, and mimosa bark.

The plan which Government has adopted for letting land is denounced as bad and unjust; and the injury, both to the colony and the colonists, pointed out at great length. The life of the tillers of the land has seldom, we believe, been so accurately described. Here is an account of

A SQUATTER'S LIFE.

The reader is prepared from what I have said of the country to find the dwelling of the squatter surrounded by picturesque scenery. Suppose, for instance, a valley of about one or two miles wide, confined by banks, in some places steep, rocky, and wooded, in others sloping and grassy. A few large trees are scattered here and there over a rich alluvial flat. Either a chain of water-holes, or a river runs along the centre, whose course is marked in some places by reeds, in others by tall gum-trees. You see at some distance an inclosure of eight or ten acres, fenced with post and triple rail; in this there is a promising-looking crop of oats and potatoes. There is also a garden, fenced something in the same manner. Near this are three or four huts, which seem to have been dropped in the places they occupy, without the least reference to each other. The principal one, however, stands somewhat apart from the rest, and is surrounded by a paling, which also incloses a small flower-garden. This hut is a rude erection, the sides of which are made of upright slabs, about seven feet high, plastered at the interstices, and whitewashed; the roof is of bark; a rude verandah occupies the front, and there are two windows of about two feet square, one on each side of the door. The whole hut is about twenty-two feet long, and about twelve feet wide. The door opens into the sitting-room, which is about twelve feet square, and has a fine large fire-place. It is furnished with a couple of tables, a sofa covered with an opossum rug, and a few chairs. The walls are lined with a coarse canvas, and are hung with bookshelves, a few prints, some guns, daggers, shot-belts, whips, &c. The floor is of slabs, adzed smooth. This room is divided from the sleeping-room by a wall or screen reaching as high as the wall-plate of the hut, with an opening above it, the whole height of the pitch of the roof: behind it there is a kitchen. The other huts consist of men's hut, store hut, shed for carts, overseer's hut, &c.: at a greater distance there is a wool-shed, generally a large building.

Some huts are better and many worse than what I have described: it is rather under than over the usual size—the mode mentioned of dividing sitting-room and bed-room by a screen is almost universal. I only allude to bachelors' huts; where married people reside in the bush, there is of course much more ac-

commodation. Slabs are the most common material for building. These are a kind of plank, generally about two inches thick, and varying in width from eight inches to a foot: they are obtained by splitting with wedges the gum-tree, the stringy bark and iron bark. The mode of building is this: Upright corner-posts, of about a foot in diameter, are fixed firmly in the ground, being sunk about two feet deep; a wall-plate is placed at the top, from one to the other of these, and firmly secured, and a sleeper at bottom, so as to connect all together, and form a kind of frame. Both wall-plate and sleeper are grooved, and the slabs are fitted into the grooves, and run up close together. Some huts are roofed with the bark of the stringy bark, or with that of the box-tree; many are thatched with a kind of wire-grass; and a few are roofed with a kind of large shingle called broad paling.

Mutton seems to be the principal flesh-meat eaten, sometimes, however, varied by the introduction of a little poultry. Tea and wine are becoming much used. Many hardships and difficulties have to be encountered, such as travelling on horseback thirty or forty miles a day without road, and only a compass to direct the course which should be taken. *Bushing*, or a night amongst the trees, is not unfrequently the result of having trespassed a short distance out of the proper direction.

Geelong is another important town, and is situated on Corio Bay, about fifty miles from Melbourne. Steamers are constantly plying between the two towns, the passage occupying about six hours. Agricultural labourers and small capitalists of ordinary perseverance and industry always do well by emigrating to this colony.

The society in Port Philip is of a very mixed kind. Bachelors, it is stated, are much more numerous than married men.

SKETCH OF PORT PHILIP SOCIETY.

There is one feature in colonial society (at least in that of a new colony like Port Philip) which gives it a life and spirit which you do not find at home, except in the capitals of Europe. This arises from the variety of the materials of which it is composed, and from the different views, the different knowledge, and experience of men differently educated, whose lives have been passed in different scenes, in different professions, and in different parts of the globe. If you want to hear the particulars of some Chinese custom, probably your next neighbour can inform you; a second illustrates an argument on draught, by a description of the mode of harnessing dogs in Greenland; a third has personally inspected the Isthmus of Panama, and can give you an opinion as to the practicability and expense of cutting it through; while from a fourth you may learn all the details of the Niger expedition. You see a pale and delicate, but resolute-looking man—he was the first who made the dangerous experiment of taking cattle overland to Adelaide; he opposite you, with a quiet expression and mild blue eye, is one of the most determined and adventurous explorers and the best bushman in the country; that other florid and rather effeminate-looking youth has gone through dangers and surmounted difficulties which would appal many a stout heart; and so on of the rest, for there are few who have not had occasions to try them when they had nothing else to depend on, for the preservation of their lives, but their own courage and perseverance.

The author complains of this

INJUSTICE TO PORT PHILIP.

From these documents it appears that the estimated ordinary revenue of Port Philip for the year 1844 amounts to 83,390*l.*, while the sums voted for the public service in that district for the same year amount only to 44,146*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*, leaving a balance of about 39,000*l.*, which goes into the Sydney treasury, and for which the people of Port Philip receive no equivalent, unless their share of the expenses of the governor and council be considered as such. Allowing for this 3,000*l.* a year, there is still a balance of 36,000*l.* lost to them. If we subtract from the estimates 4,000*l.*, the sum voted for public buildings, the expenditure on the current purposes of government would be about 40,000*l.*

A separation from the trammels of the Sydney governors is hoped for. Persons engaged in pastoral pursuits are not allowed to vote in the elections of the members of the legislative council. It is a gratifying symptom that crime, instead of spreading in proportion with the increase of population, was much less prevalent in 1843 than in the two preceding years.

An account of the legislative council and their proceedings, remarks on monetary matters, a summary, a description of the natives, and advice to emigrants, conclude the volume.

To those readers of THE CRITIC who feel interested in the subjects of which the work treats we recommend it for the information it contains, but not on account of the manner in which that information is given.

FICTION.

The Improvisatore; or Life in Italy. From the Danish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MARY HOWITT. Two vols. Bentley. 1845.

MARY HOWITT is, happily for the reading world, no quaker in literature. She does not confine her eyes intellectual, and her mental tastes, to the dress in which her ancestors clothed their thoughts, and sought for the admiration of their contemporaries, but with successful boldness she scans the horizon of the book-writing world, and holds up to our admiring eyes some new specimen of foreign production, which, but for her, might long have been hidden from our less industrious and less fortunate research. To her we are indebted for an acquaintanceship with the peaceful and attractive pictures of home life, by Miss BREMER, and by the translation of the *Improvisatore* she has introduced to us one of the most vivid painters of the glories of that land, where, amid the wreck of centuries, beauty still reigns triumphant.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, like some other natives of the icy north, seems to have enjoyed the scenery of Italy with fuller delight than the Italians themselves. The force of contrast was so great, that to him its skies, its woods, its plains, and its lakes, became the object of the strongest passion. He has, in the book before us, represented in the warmest colouring their varied scenes of beauty, which during his own residence left so strong an impression on his own mind.

In the course of his story, which is not very artificially woven, although containing detached scenes very powerfully drawn, the varied scenes of that land are drawn in language which testifies to the intensity of his enjoyment, and with a truthfulness which justifies his enthusiasm. We know not whether he be a Roman Catholic, but at least he is fully alive to the picturesqueness of the outward forms and ceremonies which are adopted in that religion, and does not halt on the verge of a glowing landscape, or at the side of a chapel to the Madonna, or amid the mad caprices of the Carnival, to give us a disquisition upon the moral good or evil of those forms. Enough for him that they are beautiful. Take the following description of the

THE FLOWER FESTIVAL AT GENGANO.

How shall I describe the first glance into the street—that bright picture as I then saw it? The entire, long, gently ascending street was covered over with flowers; the ground colour was blue: it looked as if they had robbed all the gardens, all the fields, to collect flowers enough of the same colour to cover the street; over these lay in long stripes, green, composed of leaves, alternately with rose-colour; at some distance from this was a similar stripe, and between this a layer of dark red flowers, so as to form, as it were, a broad border to the whole carpet. The middle of this represented stars and suns, which were formed by a close mass of yellow, round, and star-like flowers; more labour still had been spent upon the formation of names—here flower was laid upon flower, leaf upon leaf. The whole was a living flower-carpet, a mosaic floor, richer in pomp of colouring than any thing which Pompeii can shew. Not a breath of air stirred—the flowers lay immovable, as if they were heavy, firmly-set precious stones. From all windows were hung upon the walls large carpets, worked in leaves and flowers, representing holy pictures. Here Joseph led the ass on which sat the Madonna and the child; roses formed the faces, the feet, and the arms; gillyflowers and anemones their fluttering garments; and crowns were made of white water-lilies, brought from Lake Nemi. St. Michael fought with the dragon; the holy Rosalia showered down roses upon the dark blue globe; wherever my eye fell flowers related to me biblical legends, and the people all round about were as joyful as myself. Rich foreigners, from beyond the mountains, clad in festal garments, stood in the balconies, and by the side of the houses moved along a vast crowd of people, all in full holiday costume, each according to the fashion of his country. Beside the stone basin which surrounds the great fountain, where the street spreads itself out, my mother had taken her place, and I stood just before the satyr's head which looks out from the water.

The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rung, and the procession

moved along the beautiful flower carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach. Choristers swung the censer before the host; the most beautiful girls of the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels, whilst awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain around their necks, and handsome bright coloured scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black, plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow. Those from Villettri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart neckerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From Abruzzi, from the Marshes, from every other neighbouring district, came all in their peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect. Cardinals, in their mantles woven with silver, advanced under canopies adorned with flowers; monks of various orders followed, all bearing burning tapers. When the procession came out of the church an immense crowd followed. We were carried along with it—my mother held me firmly by the shoulder, that I might not be separated from her. Thus I went on, shut in by the crowd; I could see nothing but the blue sky above my head. All at once there was sent forth a piercing cry—it rang forth on all sides; a pair of unmanageable horses rushed through—more I did not perceive; I was thrown to the earth, it was all black before my eyes, and it seemed to me as if a waterfall dashed over me.

The characters who appear upon the canvas are sketched in with vigour; and there is a purity of conception in those of Annunziata, the ill-fated *prima donna*—the meek, resigned Flaminia, destined from her birth to a nunnery—and Laura, the maiden, beautiful and blind; and the ruins of Pæstum, which is particularly deserving of praise.

Terni, and Vesuvius, the Coliseum, and the Blue Grotto of Capri, lovely Castellamare, the sullen Pontine Marshes, and the Catacombs, are some of the numerous well-known scenes which are portrayed in the course of the story. To those who have visited that land of enchantment this book will be especially attractive, reflecting as it does a genuine picture of Italy and Italian life—just as the imaginative would wish to keep in their memories, with no shadows of the past to cast a melancholy gloom over the present or awaken deceptive visions for the future. The unity of the book is one of its greatest charms; and the apparently artless manner in which these pictures are brought forward increases their effect. But, as we have already hinted, the separate characters in the *Improvvisatore* are by no means deficient in beauty and impressiveness.

There is also in the *Improvvisatore* himself an evident remembrance of many of the author's early struggles, of which a most interesting account is prefixed to the volume. ANDERSEN is a true genius. No adverse circumstances could keep him down—neither poverty, loneliness, ridicule, nor failure. He affords another example of the fallacy of the well-known lines about "mute inglorious Miltons." Success has crowned his efforts, as we firmly believe it always will, where intellectual power is supported and kept pure by moral strength. We heartily commend the work, and trust that this time, at least, the industrious translator will not have the golden fruit snatched away from her just at the moment of expected victory.

Instead of culling many of the gems which stud these volumes, we prefer giving at length his description of

VESUVIUS IN A "SUNDAY HUMOUR."

We were not to ascend Vesuvius till evening, when the glowing lava and moonlight would have great effect. We took asses from Recina, and rode up the mountain; the road lay through vineyards and lonesome farms; very soon, however, the vegetation diminished into small, woeful-looking hedges, and dry, reed-like blades of grass. The wind blew colder and stronger, otherwise the evening was infinitely beautiful. The sun seemed, as it sank, like a burning fire, the heavens beamed like gold, the sea was indigo, and the islands pale blue clouds. It was a fairy world in which I stood. On the edge of the bay Naples grew more and more indistinct; in the far distance lay the mountains covered with snow, which shone gloriously like the glaciers of the Alps, whilst aloft, quite close to us, glowed the red lava of Vesuvius.

At length we came to a plain, covered with the iron black lava, where was neither road nor track. Our asses carefully assayed their footing before they advanced a step, and thus we

only very slowly ascended the higher part of the mountain, which, like a promontory, raised itself out of this dead, petrified sea. We approached the dwelling of the hermit through a narrow excavated road, where only reed-like vegetation was found. A troop of soldiers sat here around a blazing fire, and drank from their bottles *lacryma Christi*. They serve as an escort for strangers against the robbers of the mountains. Here the torches were lighted, and the winds seized upon their flames as if they would extinguish them, and rend away every spark. By this wavering, unsteady light, we rode onward in the dark evening along the narrow, rocky path, over loose pieces of lava, and close beside the deep abyss. At length, like a mountain, reared itself before us the coal-black peak of ashes: this we had to ascend; our asses could no longer be serviceable to us; we left them, therefore, behind us with the lads who had driven them.

The guide went first with the torches, we others followed after, but in a zig-zag direction, because we went through the soft ashes, in which we sank at every step up to the knee; nor could we keep a regular line behind one another, because there lay great loose stones and blocks of lava in the ashes, which rolled down when we trod upon them; at every other step we slid one backwards, every moment we fell into black ashes; it was as if we had leaden weights fastened to our feet.

They had now reached the summit:—

A vast platform, scattered over with immense pieces of lava thrown one upon another, spread itself here before our eyes, in the midst of which stood a mound of ashes. It was the cone of the deep crater. Like a ball of fire hung the moon above it; thus high had it ascended; and now, for the first time, the mountain permitted us to see it, but only for a moment; in the next, with the rapidity of thought, a coal-black cloud whirled out of the crater, and it became dark night around us; deep thunder rolled within the mountain; the ground trembled under our feet, and we were compelled to hold firmly one by another that we might not fall. The same moment resounded an explosion which a hundred cannon could only faintly imitate. The smoke divided itself, and a column of fire, certainly a mile high, darted into the blue air; glowing stones, like blood-rubies, were cast upwards in the white fire. I saw then like rockets falling above us, but they fell in a right line into the crater, or else rolled down the mound of ashes.

"Eternal God!" stammered my heart, and I hardly ventured to breathe.

"Vesuvius is in a Sunday humour!" said the guide, and beckoned us onwards. I had imagined that our journey was at an end, but the guide pointed forward over the plain, where the whole horizon was a brilliant fire, and where gigantic figures moved themselves like black shades upon the strong fire-ground. These were travellers who stood between us and the down-streaming lava. We had gone round the mountain in order to avoid this, and had ascended it from the opposite, the eastern side. In its present restless state we could not approach the crater itself, but could only stand where the lava-streams, like fountains of water, poured out of the sides of the mountain. We therefore left the crater on our left, advanced across the mountain plain, and "climbed over the great blocks of lava, for here was neither road nor path. The pale moonlight, and the red glare of the torches upon this uneven ground, caused every shadow, and every cleft, to seem like a gulf, whilst we could see only the deep darkness.

Again the loud thunder resounded below us, all became night, and a new eruption glared before us.

Only slowly, and feeling before us with our hands at every step, crept we onwards towards our goal, and quickly we perceived that every thing we touched was warm. Between the blocks of lava it streamed forth hot as from an oven.

A smooth plain now lay before us; a lava-stream which was only about two days old; the upper rind of which was already black and hard from the operation of the air, although scarcely half an ell thick, under which lay, fathoms deep, the glowing lava. Firm as the ice-rind on an inland lake, lay here the hardened crust above this sea of fire. Over this we had to pass, and, on the other side, lay again the uneven blocks, upon which the strangers stood, and looked down upon the new torrent of lava, which they could see only from this point.

We advanced singly, with the guides at our head, upon the crust of lava; it glowed through the soles of our shoes; and around us, in many places, where the heat had caused great chinks, we could see the red fire below us; if the rind had broken, we should have been plunged into the sea of fire! We assayed every footstep before we took it, and yet went on hastily in order to pass this space, for it burned our feet, and produced the same effect as iron when it begins to cool and become black, which, when put in motion, instantly emits again fiery sparks; on the snow, the foot-prints were black, heretofore. Neither of us spoke a word; we had not imagined this journey to have been so fearful.

An Englishman turned back to us with his guide; he came up to me upon the very crust of the lava where we were surrounded by the fiery red rents.

"Are there any English among you?" he inquired.

"Italian only, and a Dane," I replied.

"The devil!" That was all that was said.

We had now arrived at the great blocks on which many strangers were standing. I also mounted one, and before me, down the mountain-side, glided slowly the fresh torrent of lava; it was like a redly glowing fiery slime, as of melted metal streaming from a furnace, and which spread it out below us far and wide, to a vast extent. No language, no picture, can represent this in its greatness and its fearful effect. The very air appeared like fire and brimstone; a thick steam floated upwards over the lava stream, red with the strongly reflected light; but all around was night. It thundered below in the mountain, and above us ascended the pillar of fire, with its glowing stars. Never before had I felt myself so near to God. His omnipotence and greatness filled my soul. It was as if the fire around me burned out every weakness within me; I felt strength and courage; my immortal soul lifted its wings.

"Almighty God!" breathed forth my spirit, "I will be Thy apostle. Amid the storms of the world I will sing Thy name, Thy might, and majesty! Higher shall my song resound than that of the monk in his lonely cell. A poet I am! Give me strength; preserve my soul pure, as the soul of Thy priest and of Nature's ought to be!" I folded my hands in prayer, and, kneeling amid fire and cloud, poured out my thanks to Him whose wonders and whose greatness spoke to my soul.

We descended from the block of lava on which we stood, and were scarcely more than a few paces from the place when, with a loud noise it sank down through the broken crust, and a cloud of sparks whirled aloft in the air; but I did not tremble; I felt that my God was near to me: it was one of those moments in life in which the soul is conscious of the bliss of its immortality, in which there is neither fear nor pain, for it knows itself and its God.

Hawkstone; a Tale of and for England in 184—. In 2 vols. Murray, 1845.

In the short space of two months we have found it necessary to protest twice against attempts to palm upon the public, as containing the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND, novels which, if not written with a purpose to damage its reputation, are by their authors tacked to its skirts without its will. *Rodenhurst* was the first of these impudent endeavours to blacken a good cause by the foulest misrepresentation. *Hawkstone* is another pretender to Young Englandism, less false, less obnoxious than its predecessor, but still sufficiently unlike the character it assumes to require of us the most prompt and emphatic protest against its reception as in any shape a representative of the principles and policy which it is the holy mission of THE CRITIC to promulgate, to vindicate, and to protect from dishonour.

That such jealous watchfulness is necessary will sufficiently appear from the opening sentence of the review of *Hawkstone* in the *Spectator*. It is there termed "another emanation from the Young England school of Reformers." Such an assertion in so influential a journal cannot fail to induce a reliance upon the authority of *Hawkstone* as an exponent of our principles, which it is not, and thence to lead the uninformed to attach to YOUNG ENGLAND whatever doctrines are set forth in the novel. But inasmuch as the views of the novelist are not those of YOUNG ENGLAND, we must disclaim the connection, and express an earnest hope that wherever the assertion shall be made it may be peremptorily contradicted.

With this protest against the principles of *Hawkstone* as in any manner reflecting those of which THE CRITIC is the representative, we proceed to notice its merits as a fiction.

And these are undoubtedly considerable. In conception and portraiture of character, the author may take rank with any living novelist, especially when he is amid the scenes with which he is most familiar, a provincial town and its agricultural neighbourhood. The political and religious feuds, the petty local jealousies that make such a place the stage whereon is played a drama that exhibits all the passions excited by the conflicts of nations, are described with a vivid and truthful pen. But not a little of the effect is marred by the circumstance that spoils so many other good works. The author writes with intent to diffuse certain opinions. To this end he must degenerate from the novelist to the caricaturist. He sketches his men and women, not after

nature, but according to the necessities of his argument. To impress the reader with the excellence of his own side of the question and the wrong of the other, he paints his personages accordingly. His own partisans are all angels; their opponents, all demons. In both, nature is outraged, and no ability in the composition will compensate the defect. Genius of course never falls into this error, for genius is essentially universal in its aims; it cannot paint man other than he is; it would not stoop from its high place or disgrace its high office to misrepresent for any party purpose. *Hawkstone*, therefore, may be thus known not to be a work of genius.

Still, as we have observed, it is the production of a writer of more than average ability, and, if the reader can forget his unfairness, he may be enjoyed with hearty relish of his wholesome and amiable qualities, and a forgiving smile at the vagaries of a mind more imaginative than thoughtful, more feeling than wise, that could dream of dragging backward the wheels of Time and restoring institutions that have passed away, because the society has entirely changed for which alone they existed and for which only they were fitted.

Hawkstone is a provincial town, into whose agricultural sedateness and antiquity manufactures have made melancholy inroads, for with them have come new ideas of all kinds, new parties in politics, new sects in religion. Liberalism and Dissent dare to beard ancient Toryism and the Church. Mr. Villiers undertakes the task of extirpating these nuisances, as he deems them, and the staple of the work consists of his contrivances to this end, and of the plots and counterplots of a Papist named Pierce, made intricate by the mingling with them of a son of the said Villiers, whom Pierce had stolen in childhood and brought up as his own. Finally, Villiers succeeds in clearing Hawkstone of the innovators, and establishing a sort of monastery, and divers other crotchets which it is the object of the tale to recommend.

The plot affords opportunities for many scenes of life in a provincial town, some fairly enough drawn, others monstrosously exaggerated. It enables the author to exercise his descriptive powers in quiet bits of domestic grouping, in which he excels, and in the stormier scenes of riot and disturbance. He is somewhat too fond of mingling reflection with his narrative; it amounts at times to an annoying interruption, and reads like a sermon out of place. It is not *thus* that the didactic fiction should be written; there the moral should be inferred from the facts, never preached by the teacher.

Altogether *Hawkstone* is a novel above the average. Spite of its many faults, it will interest the reader, and the circulating library should place it upon the shelf. But we hope it will be perused, by all our friends at least, with the understanding that it is not, as it has been so unjustly imputed, an emanation from YOUNG ENGLAND, and in no manner speaks our principles or policy.

Two or three short extracts will sufficiently exhibit the author's manner:—

HAWKSTONE PRIORY.

It was one of those "old and reverent piles," which no one has so well described as Wordsworth, with deep bay windows, and wrought gables, porches, and mullioned arches, high twisted chimneys, and pinnacles wreathed with ivy, and all the rich quaint carving of the Elizabethan age. At one corner stood a fragment of an older building, in the shape of a square massive tower, called Sir Bevor's tower, which rose up from the terrace, and recalled by its dark solid masonry the days when the lords of Hawkstone had been knights in armour, and Sir Bevor himself, whose figure lay cross-legged in the cathedral of ———, had led a body of its yeomen to the Holy Wars. Although an incongruity in architecture, the tower formed a feature of no little interest. Not so with a line of building of modern Italian taste, raised on the site of the wing, which had been burnt down on Sir Roger's death. It connected itself with the stable-yard, and was intended for offices. But there was a disproportion and gaudiness about it which shocked the eye; and the stranger evidently regarded it with considerable disgust. And yet, on the whole, few English mansions were more striking than Hawkstone. Its green terraces sloped up the hill behind, and were connected with the house by balustrades and vases. In front, beneath a rough overhanging bank, lay a small sheet of water, reflecting in that calm sunny afternoon every line of the building, its oriels glittering with the sinking sun, and the rich foliage which bent over it from the back. And at the corner of the tower lay a small square platform studded with parterres and vases in the old French taste, and commanded by a range of windows in the south front.

THE DORCAS LYING-IN SOCIETY.

They were, in fact, fair ordinary specimens of the middle class of English people; neither very clever nor very stupid, very vulgar nor very polished, very enlarged in their notions nor very narrow. In one point they resembled all English people alike: they acknowledged an implicit submission for the little world in which they moved; anxiously aspiring to the notice of its leaders, and condescendingly patronizing all who came beneath themselves; and measuring the whole fate and character of the vast terra incognita beyond them, by the opinions, acts, and vicissitudes of their own little coterie. Perhaps, indeed, the Dorcas Society could not pretend to include exactly the élite of Hawkstone; for there were several little suburban villas in the neighbourhood, which, being uncontaminated by pavement and gas-lamps, aspired to a claim to rurality, and held somewhat aloof from the decidedly town population. But still it was composed of "respectables," in that sense of the word which perhaps might be properly rendered "without a shop." Besides the Miss Morgans, the surgeon's daughters, there was Mrs. Lomax, the banker's wife, who officiated as president; the Miss Macdougalls, who tenanted the large brick house with five windows in front, and a coach-house and garden, at the north entrance of the town; Mrs. and Miss James, who had recently retired from the superintendence of a very respectable seminary for young ladies; Mrs. Hancock, the wife of Captain Hancock, an officer on half-pay, who continued to vegetate in a neat little verandahed cottage in the outskirts of the town; and the Madboxes, whom their father's success in trade had placed in easy circumstances, and left them abundance both of time and money to devote to the charities of Hawkstone. And one after another they arrived at Miss Mabel's door; and though Mrs. Crump, who was by no means a favourable critic, did detect about them all a little bustle of serious importance more than the occasion required—and Miss James had put into her cap rather a gayer display of flowers than suited the sobriety of her age—and the Miss Macdougalls looked somewhat prim—and Mrs. Lomax was guilty of a little ostentation in making her footboy follow her with a work-basket and cloak—still there was little to censure in their appearance, and nothing to ridicule. And any one who could have seen the hearty welcome with which Miss Mabel received them, and the kind mutual greetings of the party, and the cheerfulness with which they produced work-boxes and baskets, scissors and needles, and ranged them on the green cloth of Miss Mabel's largest table, would think it a very ill-placed satire which attempted to caricature such a charitable meeting, assembled, as modern philanthropy delights to express it, without distinction of sect or party, to promote the comfort and relieve the wants of their fellow-creatures.

Jealousy and Revenge: Tales. By ELIZA PEAKE, Authoress of "Honour." In 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, 1845.

WE are in doubt whether to use the language of remonstrance or of ridicule in reviewing these volumes. Their aspect is attractive. Portly beyond the customary size of novels; printed upon paper that seems to have been selected with an eye to durability; hot-pressed, and embellished with engravings. Pleased should we be could our task have ended here, and we had been spared the unpleasant duty of trying the literary claims of a work to whose typographical merits we may honestly award praise. But inasmuch as readers look at other qualities beside those the printer and binder can supply, we must be candid, and give a faithful judgment upon the authoress's portion of the publication.

Looking at these tales with the most lenient disposition, we are compelled to say of them that their merit was not sufficient to justify their publication. The authoress needs a great deal more study of human nature and real life—more practice in the art of writing, before she can successfully appear among her many rivals. She has some power of imagination, and considerable command of words; but she must learn to rein the former, and judiciously to use the latter. Another accomplishment she must acquire before she can hope to succeed as a novelist—she must frame more probable plots; she must place herself under the guidance of nature, and be ruled by her dictates, instead of permitting herself to be carried away by an ill-regulated fancy.

The two tales before us are in the worst manner of the Minerva Press school, which we had supposed to be extinct long ago. Miss PEAKE should, above all things, shun this now obsolete style of novel, for she may be assured that it can never again be popular; and so catching is it, that if once it infect a writer, it very seldom leaves him until he is incapacitated for all rational and sober composition.

The illustrations are worse even than the writing. Never did we see, save on a ballad in a cottager's kitchen, such vile distortions and caricatures of humanity as are the engravings. The artist's name is not appended, or he should have been soundly rated for disgracing a lady's book with drawings for which a schoolboy would deserve a flogging. We would earnestly recommend Miss PEAKE, for her own sake, to withdraw this work from her publishers and consign it to the flames, and then set herself to practise writing diligently for five or six years, without venturing into print in the meanwhile. At the expiration of that period, as she certainly possesses some of the faculties that make the novelist, she may not improbably be qualified to take a very respectable position among the contributors to the circulating library. At present she cannot do this, as these volumes too truly prove.

Look to the End; or the Bennets abroad. By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England." In 2 vols. Fisher and Co. 1845.

It might be doubted whether these volumes should not have been classed with travels. The fiction is obviously framed for the purpose of introducing a tour, and conveying a knowledge of men and things abroad, under the form of a story, and it is necessary that the design should be understood, that the work may be judged rather with reference to that than to its merits as a tale.

The Bennets are a family consisting of a city man for the papa, full of prejudice and affected John Bullism, the representative of the worst species of Englishmen—a silly dyspeptic mamma, a sort of Mrs. Nickleby, and a very sensible daughter, who resolve to travel. Italy is their destination. On their way they fall in with a youth, whose first appearance exhibits him as a weak-minded fop, which character he afterwards somewhat inconsistently exchanges for that of a sober, sound-thinking gentleman. Their circle is afterwards enlarged by the addition of a lady cousin, a sentimental blue-stocking, ever in ecstasies about the beautiful, the sublime, &c. &c. It should be surmised that Miss Bennet was engaged to a young manufacturer who joins them *en route*, but whose want of soul and sense, as shewn in his comments upon the various sights they visit, thoroughly disgusts her, so she discards him for the other youth above described, whom she eventually marries.

These are the main features of the story; but, as we have observed, they are only accessories to the authoress's principal purpose, which was, to present a series of descriptions of the places and things visited in the course of the tour, varying and enlivening description with the remarks of the different characters she has grouped, and adding some interest in the progress of their love affairs.

Mrs. ELLIS possesses the power of vigorous painting; but it must be admitted, that too frequently she falls into the besetting sin of tourists,—a tedious minuteness of detail, which weakens instead of strengthens the object she purposes to describe. Scenery and pictures can never be conveyed by words; no eloquence can impart to the reader the beauties or sublimities that have excited the emotions of the spectator, and, therefore, raptures that are natural enough to the latter, always appear forced in the former. It is this fault which makes Mrs. ELLIS most dull, when she doubtless imagined herself to be most entertaining. The ground traversed by the Bennets is so well trodden, has been so often described, and the objects that attracted their attention have been so celebrated in the various shapes of tours and essays, and letters and poems, that we are unable to light upon any novelty for extract. But by those unfamiliar with the localities, the *Bennets Abroad* will be read with profit; and it is a book especially calculated for the young, who often require to be lured to dry fact, by mingling it with fiction, which, because it appeals to our common nature, is ever attractive alike to young and old, to the ignorant and the educated.

The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family. By ALBERT SMITH, author of "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

ALBERT SMITH is an imitator of DICKENS, but, unlike most imitators, he copies his excellencies and not his faults. It may

be a problem whether, if "Boz" had not written, SMITH would ever have been heard of; but undoubtedly he possesses abilities which might have distinguished him in an original walk, had he chosen to take it, instead of following the lead of a greater man.

It is a hopeful sign that ALBERT SMITH improves with practice. His last novel is a manifest advance upon its predecessors. *The Scattergood Family* is of larger conception, has more breadth of character and truth to nature, than any thing he has yet attempted; and if he continues to advance with steady industry and carefulness in composition, he will certainly take a high place among the novelists of the time.

Mr. Scattergood is an attorney who has brought up a son and daughter in the thoughtless extravagance so common in London society. He has been compelled to evade his creditors at Boulogne. Young Vincent Scattergood, his hopeful son, is cast upon the world, returns from sea penniless, falls in with a playwright attached to one of the minor theatres; by him is introduced to the society haunting these places, joins a provincial company, becomes connected with a daring burglar, by whom he is tempted to the very verge of crime, but not into the very act. On his return to town he takes lodgings on the other side of Waterloo Bridge, and that introduces a new mob of personages, whose humours and peculiarities are painted with much skill. Meanwhile, his younger brother obtains a presentation in Merchant Taylors' School, and this affords an opportunity for a hit at the system prevalent at public schools, and his sister goes as governess into a vulgar, purse-proud family, and the occasion is seized to depict the often-described miseries of such a situation. The end is as happy as that of novels ought to be, novels being a sort of nature improved.

But it is not for the plot that this fiction will be read, but for its isolated scenes, which are sketched at times with unusual spirit, a quiet satire being perceptible which pleases, because it is evidently good-natured; we feel that it is deserved, and that it proceeds from no crabbedness in the author's mind, but from a keen sense of the ridiculous, and like all who possess this sense, ALBERT SMITH possesses also a pathos which, at all times, amid his most humorous pictures, surprises us into tears. But, with so many claims, we must not dwell too long upon this novel, but conclude by recommending it to every library and reader.

We have not space for extract. When, however, we commence the weekly publication of THE CRITIC, enlarged space will permit the illustration of remarks by amusing extracts. As yet we are compelled to be more brief with the latter than accords with our desire or design.

Old Joliffe: not a Goblin Story. By the Spirit of a Little Bell, awakened by "the Chimes." London, Wright.

INTENDED to be an antidote to *The Chimes* of DICKENS. The design of *Old Joliffe* is to shew that there is the kindest feeling on the part of the rich towards the poor, and the utmost confidence in the poor that the rich are their true friends. We expressed our dissent from the caricatured sketches of aldermanic hard-heartedness and squire self-sufficiency when painted by the powerful pen of DICKENS. This work sins equally on the other side, and there is not yet, nor for long time will there be, such a paradise as is pictured in *Old Joliffe*. Thus it is that one extreme ever produces the opposite. But the author before us, though a pleasant writer, lacks the genius of his rival, and is incapable of realizing his own good intents.

Fanny, the Little Milliner. By CHARLES ROWCROFT. Parts I., II. and III. Mortimer.

It was our purpose not to notice these novels, periodically issued, until their completion, not only because it is impossible to pass upon them piecemeal a fair judgment, but also because it is a not unfrequent practice with some publishers to send the first two or three numbers, and when they have thus obtained a notice equal in value to half a dozen advertisements, to withhold the remaining numbers, and leave the editor with a worthless, because broken, set in return. Already has this been played upon us more than once. But a remonstrance has been received from a number of circulating libraries against our announced reso-

lution in this respect, the writers stating that it is of equal importance that they should have some guide in the choice of these as of the larger works, inasmuch as the demand for them is greater. In compliance with the request thus urged, we shall notice them again, but it can be a notice only, not a review;—we cannot from such portion do more than form a judgment as to the author's style and general ability for his task. We could detail any thing obviously undeserving of purchase, but we cannot pretend to more than this.

So reviewed, we may say of Mr. ROWCROFT's *Little Milliner*, that it is a promising work. His *Tales of the Colonies* prove that he can write well; and, so far as it has gone, this new novel maintains the reputation of its predecessor. It will be a safe addition to the library.

The Battle Cross; a Romance of the Fourteenth Century.

By JOHN BRENT, Author of "The Sea Wolf," &c. 3 vols. London. Newby.

ONE of the multitudinous imitations of SCOTT, but with more merit than is usually found in this class of fictions. The Border Frays of the fourteenth century are the foundation of the plot, and permit the introduction of some vivid pictures of men and manners at that epoch. The fault of the work is the tedious length of its dialogues, which want spirit and liveliness; they are more like spoken essays than conversation. But when the author is freely launched in narrative, he tells his story effectively. The *Battle-Cross* cannot claim the notice of the select library or the busy reader, but it may be added to the larger shelves, and conned when the best fictions of the season are exhausted.

The Eccentric Lover; a Novel. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. London, 1845.

A LIGHT, lively, readable novel; nothing very profound or very brilliant, or very witty, or very wise, is to be traced in its pages; but they are always pleasant for their flow of spirits and the grace and animation of the composition. The reader starts with the first chapter, and gallops right through without weariness or pause, and this in spite of a plot not very artistically compounded, and characters unstamped with individuality. Mr. St. JOHN is a young man, and the *Eccentric Lover* must therefore be viewed, not only with respect to its performance, but to its promise, and in this it is certainly abundant. The faults are those of youth, the unavoidable consequence of inexperience in the world, which time will cure. But the author must take more pains with his ideas and not too readily yield to his natural facility in writing. The scene of the *Eccentric Lover* is laid in France, the period our own time, the hero a Frenchman. But we need not further indicate the plot. It is a book the libraries may safely order, and the reader add to his list for borrowing.

POETRY.

Spinster at Home in the Close at Salisbury. Brodie and Co., Salisbury. Hatchard and Son, London. 1844.

THE authoress of this work admits in a preface, that the verse is very deficient, and we entirely agree with her. The *Spinster at Home* has, in fact, done nothing more than give a topographical and anecdotal account of the ancient city of Salisbury in rhyme, which, after a contest between gallantry and criticism, we must term doggerel. We can hardly hold out much hope that any but those interested in the locality will purchase this handsomely-got-up volume; but to them it certainly does present attractions, from its accuracy and minuteness. It would also be read with pleasure by children, to whom the frequent gingle of the rhymes would make the stories more amusing. We regret, however, that it was not thrown into the usual and unpretending form of a guide-book; for accuracy and minuteness of description are not the only requisites in a poem of some 3,000 lines. A few shorter poems are added, which are much more free from faults than the versified history of Salisbury.

THE DORCAS LYING-IN SOCIETY.

They were, in fact, fair ordinary specimens of the middle class of English people; neither very clever nor very stupid, very vulgar nor very polished, very enlarged in their notions nor very narrow. In one point they resembled all English people alike: they acknowledged an implicit submission for the little world in which they moved; anxiously aspiring to the notice of its leaders, and condescendingly patronizing all who came beneath themselves; and measuring the whole fate and character of the vast terra incognita beyond them, by the opinions, acts, and vicissitudes of their own little coterie. Perhaps, indeed, the Dorcas Society could not pretend to include exactly the élite of Hawkstone; for there were several little suburban villas in the neighbourhood, which, being uncontaminated by pavement and gas-lamps, aspired to a claim to rurality, and held somewhat aloof from the decidedly town population. But still it was composed of "respectables," in that sense of the word which perhaps might be properly rendered "without a shop." Besides the Miss Morgans, the surgeon's daughters, there was Mrs. Lomax, the banker's wife, who officiated as president; the Miss Macdougalls, who tenanted the large brick house with five windows in front, and a coach-house and garden, at the north entrance of the town; Mrs. and Miss James, who had recently retired from the superintendence of a very respectable seminary for young ladies; Mrs. Hancock, the wife of Captain Hancock, an officer on half-pay, who continued to vegetate in a neat little verandahed cottage in the outskirts of the town; and the Madcoxes, whom their father's success in trade had placed in easy circumstances, and left them abundance both of time and money to devote to the charities of Hawkstone. And one after another they arrived at Miss Mabel's door; and though Mrs. Crump, who was by no means a favourable critic, did detect about them all a little bustle of serious importance more than the occasion required—and Miss James had put into her cap rather a gayer display of flowers than suited the sobriety of her age—and the Miss Macdougalls looked somewhat prim—and Mrs. Lomax was guilty of a little ostentation in making her footboy follow her with a work-basket and cloak—still there was little to censure in their appearance, and nothing to ridicule. And any one who could have seen the hearty welcome with which Miss Mabel received them, and the kind mutual greetings of the party, and the cheerfulness with which they produced work-boxes and baskets, scissors and needles, and ranged them on the green cloth of Miss Mabel's largest table, would think it a very ill-placed satire which attempted to caricature such a charitable meeting, assembled, as modern philanthropy delights to express it, without distinction of sect or party, to promote the comfort and relieve the wants of their fellow-creatures.

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Looking at these tales with the most lenient disposition, we are compelled to say of them that their merit was not sufficient to justify their publication. The authoress needs a great deal more study of human nature and real life—more practice in the art of writing, before she can successfully appear among her many rivals. She has some power of imagination, and considerable command of words; but she must learn to rein the former, and judiciously to use the latter. Another accomplishment she must acquire before she can hope to succeed as a novelist—she must frame more probable plots; she must place herself under the guidance of nature, and be ruled by her dictates, instead of permitting herself to be carried away by an ill-regulated fancy.

The two tales before us are in the worst manner of the Minerva Press school, which we had supposed to be extinct long ago. Miss PEAKE should, above all things, shun this now obsolete style of novel, for she may be assured that it can never again be popular; and so catching is it, that if once it infect a writer, it very seldom leaves him until he is incapacitated for all rational and sober composition.

The illustrations are worse even than the writing. Never did we see, save on a ballad in a cottager's kitchen, such vile distortions and caricatures of humanity as are the engravings. The artist's name is not appended, or he should have been soundly rated for disgracing a lady's book with drawings for which a schoolboy would deserve a flogging. We would earnestly recommend Miss PEAKE, for her own sake, to withdraw this work from her publishers and consign it to the flames, and then set herself to practise writing diligently for five or six years, without venturing into print in the meanwhile. At the expiration of that period, as she certainly possesses some of the faculties that make the novelist, she may not improbably be qualified to take a very respectable position among the contributors to the circulating library. At present she cannot do this, as these volumes too truly prove.

Look to the End: or the Bennets abroad. By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England." In 2 vols. Fisher and Co. 1845.

It might be doubted whether these volumes should not have been classed with travels. The fiction is obviously framed for the purpose of introducing a tour, and conveying a knowledge of men and things abroad, under the form of a story, and it is necessary that the design should be understood, that the work may be judged rather with reference to that than to its merits as a tale.

The Bennets are a family consisting of a city man for the papa, full of prejudice and affected John Bullism, the representative of the worst species of Englishmen—a silly dyspeptic mamma, a sort of Mrs. Nickleby, and a very sensible daughter, who resolve to travel. Italy is their destination. On their way they fall in with a youth, whose first appearance exhibits him as a weak-minded fop, which character he afterwards somewhat inconsistently exchanges for that of a sober, sound-thinking gentleman. Their circle is afterwards enlarged by the addition of a lady cousin, a sentimental blue-stocking, ever in ecstasies about the beautiful, the sublime, &c. &c. It should be surmised that Miss Bennet was engaged to a young manufacturer who joins them *en route*, but whose want of soul and sense, as shewn in his comments upon the various sights they visit, thoroughly disgusts her, so she discards him for the other youth above described, whom she eventually marries.

These are the main features of the story; but, as we have observed, they are only accessories to the authoress's principal purpose, which was, to present a series of descriptions of the places and things visited in the course of the tour, varying and enlivening description with the remarks of the different characters she has grouped, and adding some interest in the progress of their love affairs.

Mrs. ELLIS possesses the power of vigorous painting; but it must be admitted, that too frequently she falls into the besetting sin of tourists,—a tedious minuteness of detail, which weakens instead of strengthens the object she purposes to describe. Scenery and pictures can never be conveyed by words; no eloquence can impart to the reader the beauties or sublimities that have excited the emotions of the spectator, and, therefore, raptures that are natural enough to the latter, always appear forced in the former. It is this fault which makes Mrs. ELLIS most dull, when she doubtless imagined herself to be most entertaining. The ground traversed by the Bennets is so well trodden, has been so often described, and the objects that attracted their attention have been so celebrated in the various shapes of tours and essays, and letters and poems, that we are unable to light upon any novelty for extract. But by those unfamiliar with the localities, the *Bennets Abroad* will be read with profit; and it is a book especially calculated for the young, who often require to be lured to dry fact, by mingling it with fiction, which, because it appeals to our common nature, is ever attractive alike to young and old, to the ignorant and the educated.

The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family. By ALBERT SMITH, author of "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

ALBERT SMITH is an imitator of DICKENS, but, unlike most imitators, he copies his excellencies and not his faults. It may

be a problem whether, if "Boz" had not written, SMITH would ever have been heard of; but undoubtedly he possesses abilities which might have distinguished him in an original walk, had he chosen to take it, instead of following the lead of a greater man.

It is a hopeful sign that ALBERT SMITH improves with practice. His last novel is a manifest advance upon its predecessors. *The Scattergood Family* is of larger conception, has more breadth of character and truth to nature, than any thing he has yet attempted; and if he continues to advance with steady industry and carefulness in composition, he will certainly take a high place among the novelists of the time.

Mr. Scattergood is an attorney who has brought up a son and daughter in the thoughtless extravagance so common in London society. He has been compelled to evade his creditors at Boulogne. Young Vincent Scattergood, his hopeful son, is cast upon the world, returns from sea penniless, falls in with a playwright attached to one of the minor theatres; by him is introduced to the society haunting these places, joins a provincial company, becomes connected with a daring burglar, by whom he is tempted to the very verge of crime, but not into the very act. On his return to town he takes lodgings on the other side of Waterloo Bridge, and that introduces a new mob of personages, whose humours and peculiarities are painted with much skill. Meanwhile, his younger brother obtains a presentation in Merchant Taylors' School, and this affords an opportunity for a hit at the system prevalent at public schools, and his sister goes as governess into a vulgar, purse-proud family, and the occasion is seized to depict the often-described miseries of such a situation. The end is as happy as that of novels ought to be, novels being a sort of nature improved.

But it is not for the plot that this fiction will be read, but for its isolated scenes, which are sketched at times with unusual spirit, a quiet satire being perceptible which pleases, because it is evidently good-natured; we feel that it is deserved, and that it proceeds from no crabbedness in the author's mind, but from a keen sense of the ridiculous, and like all who possess this sense, ALBERT SMITH possesses also a pathos which, at all times, amid his most humorous pictures, surprises us into tears. But, with so many claims, we must not dwell too long upon this novel, but conclude by recommending it to every library and reader.

We have not space for extract. When, however, we commence the weekly publication of THE CRITIC, enlarged space will permit the illustration of remarks by amusing extracts. As yet we are compelled to be more brief with the latter than accords with our desire or design.

Old Joliffe: not a Goblin Story. By the Spirit of a Little Bell, awakened by "the Chimes." London, Wright.

INTENDED to be an antidote to *The Chimes* of DICKENS. The design of Old Joliffe is to shew that there is the kindest feeling on the part of the rich towards the poor, and the utmost confidence in the poor that the rich are their true friends. We expressed our dissent from the caricatured sketches of aldermanic hard-heartedness and squire self-sufficiency when painted by the powerful pen of DICKENS. This work sins equally on the other side, and there is not yet, nor for long time will there be, such a paradise as is pictured in *Old Joliffe*. Thus it is that one extreme ever produces the opposite. But the author before us, though a pleasant writer, lacks the genius of his rival, and is incapable of realizing his own good intents.

Fanny, the Little Milliner. By CHARLES ROWCROFT. Parts I., II. and III. Mortimer.

It was our purpose not to notice these novels, periodically issued, until their completion, not only because it is impossible to pass upon them piecemeal a fair judgment, but also because it is a not unfrequent practice with some publishers to send the first two or three numbers, and when they have thus obtained a notice equal in value to half a dozen advertisements, to withhold the remaining numbers, and leave the editor with a worthless, because broken, set in return. Already has this been played upon us more than once. But a remonstrance has been received from a number of circulating libraries against our announced reso-

lution in this respect, the writers stating that it is of equal importance that they should have some guide in the choice of these as of the larger works, inasmuch as the demand for them is greater. In compliance with the request thus urged, we shall notice them again, but it can be a notice only, not a review;—we cannot from such portion do more than form a judgment as to the author's style and general ability for his task. We could detail any thing obviously undeserving of purchase, but we cannot pretend to more than this.

So reviewed, we may say of Mr. ROWCROFT's *Little Milliner*, that it is a promising work. His *Tales of the Colonies* prove that he can write well; and, so far as it has gone, this new novel maintains the reputation of its predecessor. It will be a safe addition to the library.

The Battle Cross; a Romance of the Fourteenth Century.

By JOHN BRENT, Author of "The Sea Wolf," &c. 3 vols. London. Newby.

ONE of the multitudinous imitations of SCOTT, but with more merit than is usually found in this class of fictions. The Border Frays of the fourteenth century are the foundation of the plot, and permit the introduction of some vivid pictures of men and manners at that epoch. The fault of the work is the tedious length of its dialogues, which want spirit and liveliness; they are more like spoken essays than conversation. But when the author is freely launched in narrative, he tells his story effectively. The *Battle-Cross* cannot claim the notice of the select library or the busy reader, but it may be added to the larger shelves, and conned when the best fictions of the season are exhausted.

The Eccentric Lover; a Novel. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. London, 1845.

A LIGHT, lively, readable novel; nothing very profound or very brilliant, or very witty, or very wise, is to be traced in its pages; but they are always pleasant for their flow of spirits and the grace and animation of the composition. The reader starts with the first chapter, and gallops right through without weariness or pause, and this in spite of a plot not very artistically compounded, and characters unstamped with individuality. Mr. ST. JOHN is a young man, and the *Eccentric Lover* must therefore be viewed, not only with respect to its performance, but to its promise, and in this it is certainly abundant. The faults are those of youth, the unavoidable consequence of inexperience in the world, which time will cure. But the author must take more pains with his ideas and not too readily yield to his natural facility in writing. The scene of the *Eccentric Lover* is laid in France, the period our own time, the hero a Frenchman. But we need not further indicate the plot. It is a book the libraries may safely order, and the reader add to his list for borrowing.

POETRY.

Spinster at Home in the Close at Salisbury. Brodie and Co., Salisbury. Hatchard and Son, London. 1844.

THE authoress of this work admits in a preface, that the verse is very deficient, and we entirely agree with her. The *Spinster at Home* has, in fact, done nothing more than give a topographical and anecdotal account of the ancient city of Salisbury in rhyme, which, after a contest between gallantry and criticism, we must term doggrel. We can hardly hold out much hope that any but those interested in the locality will purchase this handsomely-got-up volume; but to them it certainly does present attractions, from its accuracy and minuteness. It would also be read with pleasure by children, to whom the frequent gingle of the rhymes would make the stories more amusing. We regret, however, that it was not thrown into the usual and unpretending form of a guide-book; for accuracy and minuteness of description are not the only requisites in a poem of some 3,000 lines. A few shorter poems are added, which are much more free from faults than the versified history of Salisbury.

EDUCATION.

A Catechism on the History of Things in Common use, &c. for the use of Schools and Private Families. By EMILY ELIZABETH WILLEMENT, Authoress of the "Bouquet from Flora's Garden." Colchester, 1844. Harvey.

THINGS in common use are precisely the things which those who undertake the duties of education are wont least to regard. The knowledge which the pupil needs every day of his life is neglected, while the learning that is seldom or rarely called for is thumped into him with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. The reason of this fatal error is the combined ignorance and vanity of parents. Teachers have been taught by fatal experience that they are judged by the showy and not by the substantial attainments of their pupils, and, like other callings, they adapt their commodity to the market. Some excuse may perhaps be found in the real lack of books fitted to convey, in a familiar manner, a knowledge of familiar things. This is the want which Miss (or Mrs.) WILLEMENT has sought to supply by the volume before us, which tells the child whatever his natural curiosity would give him a desire to know about the objects that present themselves to his eye in the house or in his walks; such as air, candles, canvas, carpets, baize, bombazine, arrow-root, atmosphere, barometer, barrel organ, and so forth.

The Young Ladies' Reader; or, Extracts from Modern Authors, adapted for Educational or Family Use, with Observations on Reading aloud. By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England," &c. London. Grant and Griffiths.

MRS. ELLIS duly appreciates the value of that most useful, but most neglected of accomplishments, the art of reading. In a very sensible introduction to these selections from the best authors, she points out the various uses of reading aloud, and the many good results, not only to the individual, but to all within the family circle, from the possession of the power of presenting in a correct and pleasing shape the thoughts and words of the greatest minds that ever lived to an audience who may thus at the same moment be profitably employing their fingers, and receiving a store of wisdom and beauty which will be to them a source of pleasure and of advantage throughout their lives. The selections are made with much taste, and we can confidently recommend this volume to the school and the family circle.

PERIODICALS.

Dolman's Magazine. No. I. for March, 1845.
C. Dolman.

WHEN every sect and party, however obscure or few, has its magazine, it is fit that the numerous and respectable body of Roman Catholics should be represented in like manner, and it is only surprising that they should so long have wanted such an organ. Mr. DOLMAN'S magazine promises amply to supply their need. The first number introduces many writers of ability in various branches of literature, and bears testimony to the taste and judgment of the editor. The majority of the articles are of course devoted directly to the avowed objects of the magazine, and the spirit of the design pervades every page. Such topics as "The Irish Agrarian Outrages," "The Policy of the Catholics," "Dr. Lingard's Anglo-Saxon Church," "Tractarianism and Mr. Ward," are appropriate, and give a character to the periodical, and even those of more general scope are properly coloured by the same hue; such are "Floral Symbolism," a tale entitled "The Countess Clemence," and "The Eternal City." To the Catholic body both in England and in Ireland Mr. DOLMAN'S magazine must be right welcome, and it will interest those of other sects who have learned not to limit all talent and virtue to their own narrow circle. There is throughout a tolerant and liberal tone, which might be advantageously infused into many who appear to deem their Protestantism an excuse for intolerance and illiberality, and if pursued in the same temper it will do much to remove prejudices and promote kindlier feelings between those who, whatever their forms of faith, are yet worshippers of the same God, disciples of the same Saviour, brother-Christians and brother-men. It will help to

teach the lesson, so hard to learn, that in religious opinion good men may agree to differ.

The above is the only new periodical that has appeared this month. We have received many others whose general features we have introduced to our readers, but of these it will be sufficient to notice only the most striking of the contents of the new numbers. *The Dublin Magazine* continues its very amusing "Tales of the Trains;" its essay on Burns, and its romance of "The Nevilles;" reviews at length three recent publications; speculates on the possible discoveries of the Earl of Rosse's Telescope; describes a "Pilgrimage to Caldaro;" presents a memoir of SAMUEL FORDE, a book artist, and mingles with these some very respectable poetry. *Wade's London Review* continues its most striking composition, "The Autobiography of a Living Writer." *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine* adds to the various papers we have previously described as in progress in its pages a sharp, telling, and truthful essay on "The Luxury of Light," illustrative of the evils of the window-tax; another on "The Crimes of Quacks;" and a third on "The Tally System," all directed to the furtherance of the principles it was established to promulgate. *George Cruikshank's Table-Book* exhibits great improvement. The frontispiece is one of the most powerful moral lessons ever taught by the pencil of the artist. It is entitled "The Folly of Crime," and illustrates, by a succession of scenes, the consequences of vice. This print alone is worth more than the cost of the periodical in which it appears. The wood-cuts are clever, and the literary contents are of a better class than usual. *The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland fifty years ago*, by HARRY LORREQUER, contains two clever etchings and continues the novel with all the vivid description, the genial flow of spirits, and the appetite for the ridiculous in character and situation, which have made LORREQUER so popular, and which will cause this, his new novel, to be welcomed with eagerness by all acquainted with his former ones.

RELIGION.

Self-Inspection. By the Rev. DENIS KELLY, M.A. &c. London, 1845. Edwards and Hughes.

A COLLECTION of short essays on various topics, illustrating the necessity for, and the uses of, self-inspection. Having forcibly described the aching void we all feel at times, even amid the hurry of business, and the need we have at such a season for a Christian adviser, the author proceeds to shew how, from that condition of mind, conversion often comes. He devotes subsequent essays to the several topics of "Pride," "The Sin of Sloth," "The Rich Man and Love of Money," "Matrimony Scripturally considered," "Friendship," "Meekness," "Practical Atheism," "The Religious Profession and Controversies of the Day," "Sophistries," "The Pulpit," "Discontent," and some others, in all displaying much sound sense and genuine piety. They are written in simple but forcible language, and wherever circulated they cannot fail to prompt to virtuous thoughts and Christian acts.

Plain Lectures on the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

By the Hon. and Rev. C. G. PERCEVAL, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. In 4 vols. Vol. I. Capes and Co. 1845.

"CAN you recommend me to any plain book suitable for reading to my family?" was a question frequently put to the author, and by which the composition of these sermons was suggested.

That is the difficulty—a plain book—one that shall be simple without silliness, plain without coarseness; it has been often tried and seldom has it succeeded, so difficult is it for an accomplished mind to think, and therefore to write, in the language of the common people; and for this cause, that terms familiar enough to them are strange to their unpolished audience. Mr. PERCEVAL has, however, mastered the difficulty, and his sermons on St. Matthew are really plain and intelligible to every capacity. They contain nothing very new or striking in their composition, but they are well adapted to their object, and that is what can be said for few indeed of the multitudes yearly published.

Sabbath Evening Readings. First Series. By the Rev. DENIS KELLY, M.A. &c. Second Edition. London, Edwards and Hughes.

THE purpose of this volume was to supply a manual for family reading on Sunday evenings. The portions devoted to each Sunday in the year are not exactly sermons, but short commentaries on important texts, occasionally interspersed with appropriate sacred poetry. That it has found favour with the public is proved by the rapidity with which it has reached a second edition. As is our wont with works falling under this department of THE CRITIC, we refrain from any judgment on the opinions embodied; and this brief description will be enough to enable the reader whom it may interest to form his own opinion whether Mr. KELLY's book be likely to please him.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Dictionary, &c. Vol. I. Part IV.
C. Knight and Co.

NOT having received the previous parts of this publication, we are unable to form a judgment of the manner in which it has fulfilled the promise of the prospectus. The design is excellent; the present part ranges from the words Bishopric to City. The articles appear to be executed with judgment, and facts are collected with industry. When more of the work is before us, we shall be enabled to give a more particular account of the character and worth of its contents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lower's Curiosities of Heraldry.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

CRESTS, supporters, and badges, are next treated of. Crests were originally used simply by way of cognizance; the wearer being thus known on the field of battle. Their antiquity is greater than that of heraldry, for they were worn by the ancient warriors, though their adoption in heraldry is of a more recent date. The origin of supporters is thus stated:—

"As to supporters, they were (I take it) the invention of the graver, who, in cutting, on seals, shields of arms, which were in a triangular form and placed on a circle, finding a vacant place at each side and also at the top of the shield, thought it an ornament to fill up the spaces with vine-branches, garbs, trees, flowers, plants, ears of corn, feathers, fretwork, lions, wiverns, or some other animals, according to their fancy."

Badges are still more rare than supporters. Not twenty families wear them. Perhaps the most famous is the broom, the badge of the house of Plantagenet.

Heraldic mottoes are assigned to religion and war; either to the devout ejaculations which occur on ancient tombs, as "Drede God!" "Jesu mercy!" or from the word of onset in battle. They grew into general use in the time of EDWARD III. They have been divided into three classes—the enigmatical, the sentimental, and the emblematical.

The enigmatical are those whose origin is involved in mystery. Such are

That of the Duke of Bedford, "Che sara, sara," *What will be, will be*; and that of the Duke of Bridgewater, "Sic donec," *Thus until*—! A late barrister used "Non Bos in Lingua," *I have no Bull upon my Tongue!* alluding to the Grecian drachm, a coin impressed with that animal, and expressive, probably, of the bearer's determination not to accept a bribe. The motto of the Lords Gray was "Anchor, fast anchor," and that of the Dakynses, of Derbyshire, "Strike Dakins; the Devil's in the Hempe"—enigmatical enough, certainly!

Sentimental mottoes are very numerous.

A multitude of them are of a religious character, as "Spes mea in Deo," *My hope is in God*; "In Deo salutem," *In God I have salvation*; "Sola virtus invicta," *Virtue alone is invincible*; "Non mihi, sed Christo," *Not to myself, but to Christ*; "Sub Cruce," *Under the Cross*. Many are loyal and patriotic, as "Vincit amor patriæ," *Love of country conquers*; "Non sibi sed patriæ," *not for himself, but for his country*; "Patria cara, carior Libertas," *My country is dear, but my liberty is dearer*. Others are philanthropic, as "Homo sum," *I am a man*; "Non sibi solum," *Not for himself alone*. Treffry of

Cornwall used "Whyle God wyll," and Cornwall of the same county, "Whyle luff lasteth."

The emblematical are the most curious.

Of those allusive to the arms or crest, the following are examples: That of the Earl of Cholmondeley is "Cassia tutissima virtus," *Virtue the safest helmet*; alluding to the helmets in his arms: and that of the Egertons, "Leoni, non sagittis fido," *I trust to the lion, not to my arrows*; the arms being a lion between three pheons or arrow-heads. The crest of the Martins of Dorsetshire was an ape, and their motto, HE . WHO . LOOKS . AT . MARTIN'S . APE . MARTIN'S . APE . SHALL . LOOK . AT . HIM!

Punning mottoes abound; here are some of them:—

Adderley of Staffordshire. *Addere Le-gi Justitiam Deus.* 'Tis a support to the law to add justice to it.—Fortescue (E.) *Fortis Scu-tum salus ducum.* A strong shield is the safety of commanders.—Petyt. *Qui s'estime petyt deviendra grand.* He who esteems himself little shall become great.—Jefferay of Sussex. *Je feray ce que je diray.* I shall keep my word. Some mottoes are intentionally ambiguous, as—Hone of Ireland. *Honestas Libertate*, or, *Hone, sta Libertate*. With a just Liberty, or, Hone, support Liberty!—Vernon. *Vernon semper viret*, or, *Ver non semper viret*; Vernon ever flourishes, or, Spring does not always bloom. By far the greater number, however, exhibit punning for its own sake; for example—Bellasisse. *Bonne et belle assez.* Good and handsome enough.—Cave of Northamptonshire. *Cave!* Beware!—D'Oyley of Norfolk. "Do' no 'yll," *quoth Doyle*.—Dixie of Leicestershire. *Quod dixi dixi.* What I've said I have said.—Estwick. *Est hic.* Here he is.—Fairfax. *Fare, fac!* Speak, do! (A word and a blow!)—Hart of Berks. *Un cœur fidelle.* A faithful heart.—Onslow.—*Festina lente.* On slow! or, Hasten cautiously.—Piereponte. *Pie repone te.* Repose piously.—Scudamore. *Scutum amoris divini.* The shield of Divine Love.—Courthope. *Court hope!* Here is a truism: Vere Earl of Oxford. *Vero nil verius.* Nothing truer than truth. And here a Cockneyism; Wray of Lincolnshire. *Est juste et vray.* Both just and true.—"Set on!" says Seton, Earl of Wintoun; "Boutez en avant!" Lead forward, says Viscount Buttevant.

A few more will, perhaps, not be unacceptable:—

Cavendish. *Cavendo tutus.* Safe by caution.—Charteris, Earl. (Crest, an arm brandishing a sword; over it) *This is our Charter!*—Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. *Ne vile Fano.* Dishonour not the temple. The first and second words allude to his descent from the family of Neville.—Graves of Gloucestershire. *Graves discite mores.* Learn serious manners.—Cole. *Deum cole, Regem serva.* Fear God, serve the King.—James. *J'aime jamais.* I love ever.—Collins. *Colens Deum et Regem.* Reverencing God and the King.—Major of Suffolk. (Arms, three Corinthian columns.) *Deus major columnâ.* God is a greater support than pillars.—Wake of Somersetshire. *Vigila et ora.* Watch and pray.—Purefoy of Leicestershire. *Purefoy ma joye.* Sincerity is my delight.—Rivers of Kent. *Secus rivos aquarum.* By the rivers of waters. Pole of Devon. *Pollet virtus.* Virtue bears sway.—Tey of Essex. *Tais en temps.* Be silent in time.—Wiseman of Essex. *Sapit qui Deum sapit.* He is wise who is wise towards God.—Pagitt of Surrey. *Pagitt Deo.* He covenants with God.—Maynard, Viscount. *Manus justa nardus.* A just hand is a precious ointment.—Mosley of Northumberland. *Mos legem Regis.* Agreeable to the King's law.—Roche, Viscount de Rupe, &c. *Mon Dieu est ma Roche.* My God is my Rock.—Vincent. *Vincenti dabitur.* It shall be given to the conqueror.—Vyvyam. *Dum vivimus vivamus.* While we live, let us live.—Temple, Viscount Cobham. *Templa quam dilecta.* How beloved are thy Temples!—Algood. *Age omne bonum.* Do all good.

Historical arms are next considered. They are such as have been acquired by some act of the original bearer, and exhibit a trophy or circumstance connected therewith. Many allusive arms are derived from the situation of the original residences of the families; others indicate the profession. Thus

Michael Drayton bore "Azure gutté d'eau [the drops of Helicon!]" a Pegasus current in bend argent." Crest, "Mercury's winged cap amidst sunbeams proper." These classical emblems appear foreign to the spirit of heraldry, which originated in an unclassical age. Still it might have been difficult to assign to this stately and majestic poet more appropriate armorials.

The supporters chosen by Sir George Gordon, first Lord Aberdeen, a celebrated jurist, were two lawyers; while (every man to his taste) Sir William Morgan, K.B. a keen sportsman, adopted two huntsmen equipped for the chase, and the motto "Saltando cave," *Look before you leap.* Could any thing be more pitiful?

Tenure and office have given other arms.

An entire chapter is devoted to some curious lore on the Distinctions of Rank and Honour. All titles had their origin in official employments. Two or three of the most noteworthy facts collected by Mr. LOWER will interest.

It is a fact not perhaps generally known that poverty formerly disqualified a peer from holding his dignity. In the reign of Edward IV. George Neville, duke of Bedford, was degraded on this account by Act of Parliament. The reason for this measure is given in the preamble of the Act: "Because it [poverty] causeth great extortion, &c. to the great trouble of all such countries where the estate [of the impoverished lord] happens to be."

ORIGIN OF KNIGHTS.

We have seen that knight is synonymous with servant. So also is thegn or thane, one of the oldest titles of Northern nobility. Bede translates it by Minister Regis. Sometimes these thanes were *servientes regis* more literally than would suit the ambition of modern courtiers, for in Doomsday Book we find them holding such offices as *Latinarius*, *Aurifaber*, *Coquus*—interpreter, goldsmith, cook. Lord Ponsonby bears three combs in his arms, to commemorate his descent from the Conqueror's barber!

Sir John Ferne traces the origin of knighthood to Olybion, the grandson of Noah.

Few persons are acquainted with the real claim to that which HORACE SMITH defined to be "a title much in use among the lower orders."

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

REAL esquires, then, are of seven sorts:

1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to four.

2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons born during their lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him meanwhile as his esquire.

3. The eldest sons of the younger sons of peers of the realm.

4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the kings of arms, heralds, &c. The dignity of esquire was conferred by Henry IV. and his successors, by the investiture of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower the poet was such an esquire by creation.

5. Esquires to the knights of the Bath, for life, and their eldest sons.

6. Sheriffs of counties, for life, coroners, and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their respective offices.

7. Barristers-at-law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others, are said to be of scutarial dignity, but not actual esquires.

Supposing this enumeration to comprise all who are entitled to esquireship, it will be evident that thousands of persons styled esquires are not so in reality. It is a prevailing error that persons possessed of 300*l.* a year in land are esquires, but an estate of 50,000*l.* would not confer the dignity. Nothing but one or other of the conditions above mentioned is sufficient.

The *Esquire* was a distinctly recognized rank from the 'Squire. The latter is best known from AUBREY's description of Mr. HASTINGS, of Dorsetshire, which we cannot resist quoting, though the passage is somewhat long.

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

"Mr. Hastings was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth, his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fishponds. He had a long narrow bowling green in it, and used to play with round sand bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting room built, like a stand, in a large tree! He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewn with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed, and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, crossbows, and other accoutre-

ments. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a Church Bible, the other the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks-hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants' eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer, and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all, but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eyesight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag at fourscore."

Subsequent chapters contain historical notices of the College of Arms, accounts of distinguished heralds and heraldic writers, and a treatise on genealogy. From these we might glean much curious, and not a little instructive matter; but we have said enough to attract the reader's attention to this valuable volume, and extracted enough to exhibit the manner of the writer, and the worth of its contents. We need but add, that it is beautifully printed and got up with taste and lavish decoration, creditable to the good taste alike of the author and the publisher.

Knight's Weekly Volumes for all Readers. Vols. XIX. to XXXVI. London. Knight and Co.

THIS unique enterprise proceeds with unflagging spirit, the subjects for the shilling volumes being selected with a view to the diffusion both of polite literature and useful knowledge; a most judicious variety of prose and poetry, of history and biography, and science and topography, serving to please in turn all tastes, and to commend the work to all capacities. Since our last notice of them, the following have appeared:—

LORD BROUGHAM'S *Dialogues on Instinct*, extracted from his larger treatise on Natural Theology, have been revived by the author, who has translated the Latin quotations for the assistance of the reader who may not be acquainted with the classic tongues. The high character of these dialogues is undisputed, and it is a great boon that they may be had for a shilling.

MR. CRAIK'S *History of British Commerce*, of which three volumes have appeared, consists in great part of the excellent chapters upon that theme which formed a portion of the *Pictorial History of England*. A subject of such great and growing interest will be welcome to every reader.

A *Volume of Varieties* is an amusing collection of papers originally published by the editor in some old magazines, now forgotten.

MR. G. DODD'S volume on *British Manufactures* describes the more important of the chemical manufactures of this country, such as those of sulphuric acid, soda, soap, potash, candles, colours, oils, turpentine, porcelain and pottery, gas, &c. It is very intelligibly written, and illustrated with woodcuts.

THE *Civil Wars of Rome* have been pictured in a spirited translation of some *Select Lives of Plutarch*, by Mr. G. LONG.

THE *Life of Sir Thomas Gresham* is an interesting and instructive biography, which will be an acceptable addition to every library.

THE *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, is a reprint in three volumes of the most curious, delightful, and useful portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and which, consequently, is thus offered at less than one-fourth its original cost.

A charming and attractive volume is the thirtieth, entitled *Cabinet Pictures of English Life*. The design is novel, and

the execution excellent. Taking CHAUCER, the author has selected the poet's best pictures of English character, and accompanied them with comments explanatory, critical, and historical.

Mr. DAVIS has contributed a supplementary volume on *The Chinese*, adding some new and valuable information to the mass which he had previously collected.

Memoirs of a Working Man is an original autobiography, introduced by Mr. KNIGHT with an assurance that it is perfectly authentic, although the author modestly withholds his name. It is a deeply interesting narrative, and a valuable accession to the facts daily accumulating to throw light on the condition of England question. To YOUNG ENGLAND this volume will be especially welcome. It will aid those researches into the annals of the poor which we make for the purpose of ascertaining how they may best be served.

Mr. GEORGE DENNIS has dedicated a volume to the commendable purpose of introducing to the English reader the famous Spanish poem of *The Cid*. He has done this by means of a pleasantly written abstract of the story, interspersed with translations of the most striking passages. This also is illustrated with engravings.

Such works, at such a price, will, of course, be added to every library, and form one for thousands who could not before own the possession of such a treasure. The brief descriptions we have given of the various volumes that have reached us will be their best recommendation.

The Olive Wreath; or, Peace Magazine for the Young. Gilpin.

A SMALL book written with the good intent of inculcating upon the young the principles of peace; and such an object exempts it from criticism.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

[Authors desirous of submitting unpublished MSS. for notice in THE CRITIC, are requested to observe the following directions. To transmit the MS. with an abstract of the argument or plot for publication, and such passages scored as they may deem best fitted for extract. The MS. will be preserved and returned.]

The Philosophy of Geology. By DANIEL MACKINTOSH. The objects of this treatise are stated to be "to afford a concise view of the doctrines of geology; to illustrate the sublimity and simplicity of truth as connected with inductive generalization in opposition to visionary conjecture; to call the attention of the public to subjects of a higher character than those usually discussed in works of narrower compass," &c. &c.

We have glanced over the manuscript thus introduced, and although it displays considerable knowledge of the science, it is so ill-written that we cannot find any passage fit for extract, and the continuous nature of an argumentative work forbids the selection of parts for the purpose of exhibiting the substantial worth apart from the dress in which it is clothed. We would recommend the author, before he makes any attempt at publication, to rewrite the whole, or procure it to be rewritten, with the purpose of putting his thoughts, which are good, into language that has more of correctness and elegance than the MS. in its present state can boast.

GLANCES AT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THIS winter, in Vienna, produced the long-expected drama of Otto Prechtler, the *Krönenwächter*, which has been awaited for more than a year. Some alterations were necessary to secure its place on the theatre. Alterations like these are seldom improvements: a really artistic production loses thereby its freshness and vigour, and often its very individuality. It is on the subject of the Hohenstaufensage, before made use of by A. V. ARNIM. *Lothaire*, the last scion of the renowned old Hohenstaufen race, is brought up by the *Krönenwächter*, and destined by them to restore to Germany the true Hohenstaufen times. The action of the play begins with the first steps of his political career. The eyes of the *Krönenwächter* follow him everywhere; nothing little or insignificant must impede his course; but the first thing he does plunges him into all the

mazes of a love affair, and further on, when his fate brings him into contact with the great Hapsburger Max. I. and compels him to yield to the influence of his heroic nature, he turns aside from the path destined to him, as thrust compulsorily upon him, and, of course, the *Krönenwächter* avenge this apostasy by the death of the youth. Some parts are very beautiful, and some irresistibly remind one of Goethe's *Edmont*. Rurando's *White Rose* is shortly to appear. Report also says that Grillparzer's drama, *Libussa*, is likewise completed. Many French bagatelles are now occupying the Viennese boards. The brilliancy and dramatic effects of the French plays form a strong contrast with the rather heavy German drama, never fertile in invention; consequently translation and adaptation are as popular there as with us.

The same may be said of Leipzig. There, and at Munich, the *Moritz v. Sachsen* of Prutz, has been highly admired, much to the horror of all critics, who pour forth energetic essays on the depravity of public taste, the want of a due appreciation of true art and poetry, &c. &c. The latest novelty at Leipzig is a three-act play from the pen of the voluminous L. MÜHLBACH. This authoress is sometimes accused of imitating G. SAND in the selection of strange and unnatural incidents for her characters to work in. She is a popular writer, and generally sure of attention; but her present effort signally failed. Pousard's tragedy of *Lucretia* has been translated, one might say by dozens; that of A. PHILIPPI is mentioned for its fidelity to the original; but others, for instance that by Dr. STOLL, are preferred for their beauty of diction. A collected edition of RACINE's works has at length been undertaken in Germany, but it is proceeding at a very slow pace, scarcely that of a volume a year; the translation is by H. VIEHOFF. Translations also of Aristophanes by MÜLLER and LUDWIG SEEGER are deserving of mention.

The Berlin press offers little new or interesting to our observation. The authoress of *Godwie Castle* has prepared a new romance, and the Countess HAHN-HAHN lives and lectures in her travels, which, to her admirers, are not so pleasing as when she gossips easily and cleverly upon "Society." Herr V. STERNBERG has given much that is piquant to the admiration of the reading world, while at the same time he is heartily blamed for the extreme personality of his *Jena and Leipzig*. RAUPACH seems to be completely idle, never with pen in hand. We have before referred to WILHELM MÜLLER's work on Russia. FR. V. RAUMER has returned from her crusade to the United States, and it is expected ere long that Berlin will see the fruits of her journey in a goodly volume. Nothing of importance has for a long time proceeded from M. ALEXIS, but he is said to be engaged upon an historical work connected with the Reformation. STEFFENS has done nothing since the publication of his *Erlebnisse*. HEINE and FREILICH-RATH still occupy much of public attention by themselves and their political poetry, of which we may say that HERWEGH and his lately published volume of poems share no small portion.

New journals are starting up on all sides; of one, *Die Illustrirte Zeitung*, we may say that it promises well; it is edited by Herr J. J. WEBER, of Leipzig, but being for the most part occupied by intelligence of and from France and England, it is not one which will furnish foreigners with much German information. The Germans are rich in illustrated works. A large volume, on the *Ancient Historical and Artistic Beauties of Bavaria*, has appeared, with numerous engravings. It is said to be admirably done, and to form a delightful book.

In Hanover, HAHN has published the collected Poems of KARL SIMROCK, in one large volume; and here also another new journal is to be seen, the *Morgenzeitung*, a journal of *belles lettres*, containing poems from SIMROCK and GEIBEL; romances from STERNBERG and STRAUSS; correspondence, critiques, and so forth. Here also is the continuation of the Northern journey of J. H. MÜGGE, two volumes upon Sweden, chiefly filled with an examination of the political and economical condition of the country. Prutz's *History of Journalism* is announced as shortly forthcoming; but the author, proud of his late triumph in the drama, seems to be more occupied at present with the theatre than with history of any kind. Another volume of poems is expected from EMANUEL GEIBEL. JULIUS MOSEN has written what is said to be a good tragedy, *Otto III.* It has been performed with much applause at Oldenburg. IMMERMAN is

likewise busy at Dusseldorf. ECKERMANN, who has for some time been at Hanover, and is now living in great retirement, is said to be industriously working; but little is seen or heard of him. VON DER HAGEN has published a curious and interesting volume on the traditions of Faust, said to be of great value and research. MOSER's last work, entitled *Docten Leidemit, or Fragments from his Travels over the World*, is said to be singular, but very clever, full of knowledge of human nature and sound experience.

It will be seen from this short notice how little of interest to foreigners is at present going on in Germany—how few works of any importance either in science or history have lately appeared. Even lighter literature offers nothing worth mentioning out of the country. Our hopes must therefore rest upon the coming months.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

The Music of Ireland, in which are introduced the Bardic and Connaught Cazines, Songs, &c. &c. Arranged with an accompaniment for the Harp, or Pianoforte. By F. W. HORNCastle, Gentleman of her Majesty's Chapels Royal. Parts I. II. III. Published by Mr. Horncastle, No. 37, Upper Norton-street.

MR. HORNCastle's Irish entertainments are well known in the metropolis, where they have been repeated to delighted audiences for two or three seasons past. In some of the provinces, we believe, they have been also heard with equal enthusiasm.

The interest excited by his gatherings of the wild and sweet music of the Emerald Isle, has induced Mr. HORNCastle to publish it in a complete form, arranged for the family circle, which will thus receive a more valuable contribution to its social music, than has been offered since the melodies of the same land, presented by MOORE.

MR. HORNCastle has displayed both excellent taste in the choice of his music, great industry in his researches, and admirable skill and science in the preparation of it for popular use. He informs us that the music of Ireland takes a wide range, including various distinct classes of melodies; as songs of trades, war-songs, ballads, rural occupations, amatory, and bacchanalian. The cazines, or funeral-cries, are fine examples of perfect harmony. He adds, of the melodies hitherto unpublished, that he has given them as he received them from natives of Ireland. Where required, the airs have been harmonized, as well as the burthens. Where translations from the original words could be obtained, they have been introduced.

The music of Ireland is eminently characteristic. Pathos is its most striking quality;—melody its pervading charm. Hard and cold must be the heart that can listen to it unmoved. It is not exciting, but subduing. It lulls to quiet feeling and sober thought. It is as if inspired by the spirit of autumn; as if it was an echo caught from the moaning of low winds among leafless trees, or the wail of the Banshee were haunting the memory of the musician.

Such music, the genuine language of nature, will be thrice welcome to our homes, and even to our drawing-rooms, after the harsh, unnatural, detestable bravuras with which it has been the fashion of late years to harass the nerves of an audience expected to applaud and admire an exhibition that has inflicted upon them a mental martyrdom. We trust that the publication of such collections of real music as that before us will speedily generate a better taste, introduce a more wholesome fashion, and restore nature to the throne from which the ambition of display has banished her. Much gratitude will be due to Mr. HORNCastle, and such as he, who are labouring to bring about this desirable revolution. It will be hastened by the study of works like the *Music of Ireland*, and therefore we trust that it will enjoy a wide circulation; but, we may add, that it deserves to do so, for, from its very design, it is specially fitted for the family group; and there should not be a piano-forte in the land without this collection of vocal melody to call forth its sweetest and tenderest tones.

The Lonely Isle; the Minstrel's Song, from "The Lady of the Lake." Composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London, Leader & Cock.

MR. ALLMAN has followed the recommendation we ventured to proffer on a former occasion, and, instead of wasting his talents as a composer on the vile trash usually palmed upon the musician as original poetry, he has selected a good song from the works of a real poet. And he has set it to music in a manner indicating decided improvement; there is less of imitation than usual; he ventures to throw himself upon his own impulses, and he succeeds accordingly.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Vieuxtemps the violinist, and Dreyschock the pianist, are now making a professional tour in Holland, where they have given concerts with much success. Vieuxtemps is expected to be in London at the latter end of March.

A new 'Stabat Mater,' composed by Edward Francis Fitzwilliam, a son of the celebrated actress, will be produced in the course of a few days at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover square. Sir Henry Bishop and Mr. John Barnet, under whom he has studied, have expressed a very high opinion of his musical talent.

EDINBURGH CHAIR OF MUSIC.—Besides Sir Henry Bishop, we understand that Mr. Guynemere, Mr. Donaldson, Dr. Wesley, and Dr. Gauntlett, have declared themselves candidates for the vacant professorship. The election will take place in about six weeks.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Bishop, with the liberality of a genuine artist, begged of the Directors to bear in mind that though he was appointed conductor, he would most willingly resign in favour of Spohr, Mendelssohn, or any other eminent musician whom they may hereafter engage; his only anxiety was the prosperity of the institution.

Worcester Musical Festival has been fixed for the 26th, 27th, and 28th of August next. The ball will take place on Friday the 29th.

Miss Bassano, formerly a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, is reported to have had great success at Venice, in the performance of the 'Barbiere de Seviglia.' The fair Englishwoman was daily increasing in favour with the Italian public.

ART.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Continued from page 377.)

A FURTHER deliberate examination into the merits of this exhibition, bearing in mind what, from its peculiar advantages, it ought to be, has, we regret to say, not only strengthened the conviction of its inferiority, expressed in our last number, but has raised up in us serious and painful doubts, that the artistic talent in the country falls short, and is even unworthy of the patronage it receives.

Never, perhaps, was there a time when the prospects of the fine Arts were so auspicious as they are now. Not only is there a disposition to regard them favourably in the senate, but every motion in their favour is received with marked satisfaction, and meets with the concurrent and strenuous support of all parties in the House. We have, moreover, Royal commissions with their handsome premiums; Art-unions with their prizes; Societies of Arts, public companies, and even parish vestries, with their bonuses; and, above all, a public which—gainsay it who will—is quick to discriminate sterling merit, and liberal in rewarding it. Yet, with all these conspiring together (sufficient, we should think, to quicken genius into life and activity, if it be in the country), what is the result? None other than a heavy, flat, spiritless mediocrity. Painters enough we have, indeed, but of artists how few!

We cannot suppose, and in truth we are unwilling to believe, that artistic genius, as is alleged of dramatic genius, is exhausted for the time in England. No; the fact, we opine, is, that the feebleness and uniformity of level which prevail among our artists at present, are not so much ascribable to a want of innate power, as to a misdirected and pernicious education, which confines men to the studio and to the conventionalities framed by others, to the neglect of the great source whence ultimately all true notions of the beautiful and the grand have ever been, and only can be, derived—NATURE. Those men most have excelled in the arts who, going straight to her, have

bewildered and fettered themselves least by the multiplied and conflicting rules which others have laid down, and whose correctness is often disputable. But though considerations such as these arise naturally to those who, witnessing the inadequacy of art in these times to the encouragement it receives, reflect upon the causes of this defect, it would require more space and time than we at present command to enter fully into the discussion of so important a question; we shall, however, before long, recur to it, and we then hope to lay before our readers a few remarks and practical suggestions, which, if attended to, may possibly be of service in promoting the true interests of British art.

Before proceeding to notice the works we have yet to speak of, we take the liberty of inquiring of the Directors of the British Institution, why they crowded this exhibition with the sketches rejected from "The Bermondsey Competition," to the prejudice of many superior works out of the hundreds they politely declined "for want of room?" We know not what are the merits of the successful sketch, but of the eight or ten "Transfigurations" here exhibited, we should say it need not be excellent to overpass the abortions which have forced their way into this exhibition. Of the whole there are not two that are respectable—not one but that is feeble and tame, while most are absolutely vulgar. It was not only an injustice to many artists who had preferable works returned by the directors, but a piece of execrable taste to overload this exhibition with poor embodiments of a scripture subject of such a nature as admits of no medium between triumphant success, or (as is here the case) the most despicable failure.

No. 189. *A Mill-stream*. F. W. HULME.—This landscape is totally unworthy of the favourable place assigned to it. It is opaque and heavy in colour, and slovenly in detail.

No. 190. *Sussex Spaniel*, and No. 199. *Retriever*. E. LANDSEER, R.A.—It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of these works. In drawing, colour, and texture they are perfection.

No. 197. *The Soldier's Dream*. F. GOODALL. One of the most touching and valuable works in the exhibition. The soldier, overcome with fatigue after the day's battle, sleeps heavily beside a watch-fire; and upon his slumbers amidst scenes of peril, carnage, and blood, there arises a bright dream of home. The scene is laid in Egypt, within view of the pyramids. There are three separate lights introduced in this picture: one a dull red glare from the watch-fire, which tinges with a bloody hue the soldier and principal objects in the foreground; another, the white day light of an August sun, in which is shewn the meeting of the soldier with his wife and children; and a third is that of the moon hanging lazily on the horizon. Though most difficult to manage, these are skillfully contrived to harmonize. There is a stillness in the picture quite impressive, and a propriety in every thing introduced. The figure of the soldier has all the ease of slumber, and the expression of his countenance on welcoming his family in his dream is happily conveyed. In fine, this is beyond doubt the happiest embodiment of CAMPBELL'S exquisite poem that has ever been produced.

No. 198. *Henley, from the river*. J. TENNANT.—This would be a pleasing landscape were it not for two faults: the sky is flat and wanting in airiness, and the foreground is too much broken.

No. 203. *The Antiquary*. J. CAWSE.—A picture as confused and defective in composition, as it is muddy and heavy in colour.

No. 212. *The Cartoon Gallery*. J. D. WINGFIELD.—Perhaps the best interior in the exhibition. It is roomy and light, with a striking air of reality about it. The figures are ably grouped, and very delicately painted. The floor is the most objectionable part; it is uneven, and wants substance.

No. 222. *A Woodland Solitude*. H. JUTSUM.—For the sake of his reputation the artist should not have laid before the public so disgraceful a work as this. Any thing more hasty and slovenly, or vile in colour, we have not seen for many a day.

No. 225. *The Forsaken*. W. ETTY, R.A.—What can Mr. ETTY mean by this? A naked female, with her face downwards, is stretched out over something intended, we presume, for rocks. Whether she be living or dead, we are at a loss to discover, and equally mysterious is the intention of the artist. If Mr. ETTY finds patrons for such absurdities as these, we pity their taste, while we censure his conduct. In No. 236,

Abduction, he has bestowed more care on the figure, which is exquisitely beautiful, and of a charming colour. But here again the subordinate parts are most disgracefully painted.

No. 245. *The Ascension*. F. HOWARD.—Here we have perhaps the most execrable work in the room, certainly the worst of any making pretensions to the historic. The composition is as objectionable as it well can be, the drawing vile, and the colour no better.

No. 247. *Scene from Old Mortality*. W. FISK.—Had not this picture borne the name of "FISK," we could not have believed it was his. The parts are of one uniform strength, there is no effect thrown in, and the colour is brown and dirty to an offensive degree.

No. 279. *The Riddle*. AUGUSTUS EGG.—There is an air of truth in this simple composition: it has a quiet, happy tone of colour.

No. 280. *The End of the Beat*. J. INSKIPP.—Obviously a portrait, though smuggled in under this name. It is painted with a full, broad, clear pencil, and is forcible and life-like.

No. 298. *Jephtha's Return*. W. SALTER.—The central position assigned to this picture clearly shews what difficulty the Directors must have experienced in getting even creditable works for their walls. It is painted entirely *ad captandum*, with glaring tricky colour. The artist seems totally to have lost sight of proportion, and to have disdained perspective—witness the flight of steps in the foreground. The composition wants government; and there is about as much ill-drawing shewn as could well be crowded in an equal space.

No. 311. *Music*, and No. 314. *Poetry, Designs for Fresco*. H. N. O'NEIL.—There is character and becoming sentiment in these works. They have airiness, and a breadth and harmony of colour most agreeable to the eye.

No. 312. *A Summer Afternoon*. J. D. WINGFIELD.—This is a refreshing and charming picture. The effects are happily thrown in; the grouping and drawing of the figures clever; while the colour is as pure and clear, and the finish as delicate, as it is in LANCRET or WATTEAU.

No. 332. *Ploughing*. G. B. PYNE.—Remarkable chiefly for force and verity of colour.

No. 369. *A Landscape*. J. LINNELL.—A very superior work. There is a passage of vivid light through the clouds, striking the foreground, which is admirably managed.

No. 373. *Alice*. S. GAMBARDILLA.—Sweet and pure in colour; so much so, in fact, as to remind one of MIERIS.

No. 389. *An old Wharf on the Medway*.—W. E. DIGHTON.—A superior landscape, in the manner of HOBBSMA. The grey watery sky is cleverly painted, the subject well composed, and there is force and finish throughout.

No. 401. *The Gate of the Harem*. F. DANBY, A.R.A.—We have here a striking magical landscape. The sun is setting behind the spectator, and his rays are brilliantly reflected on the windows of a magnificent palace, and on the towers and porticoes of an eastern city, while the full moon is rising in the east. The composition is admirable, the colouring natural, and there is a repose prevalent throughout, which heightens the poetic effect of the picture.

No. 415. *Fortune-telling*. E. D. LEAHY.—This is a work of superior merit—one which bears the impress of a master-hand. The story is intelligibly told, the grouping and drawing equally excellent, while the colouring deserves the highest of praise—it is pure, clear, and of a low tone. The expression is properly marked and characteristic. The landscape, too, is effective, and truthfully painted. On what principle of justice this picture came to be placed above the line, while such trash as No. 409. *On the Thames*, by J. DUJARDIN, is favoured with the place of honour, we are at a loss to discover.

No. 442. *A Scene from the Sentimental Journey*. W. P. FRITH.—They are few who inspect this picture but will be greatly pleased by it. The figures are unconstrained and natural; the coquettish character of the young milliner as she leans on the counter is exquisitely conveyed. The colouring is harmonious, and the composition clever.

No. 466. *A Rustic Conversation*. W. SHAYER.—There is a feeling akin to that which stamps the works of MORLAND in this picture. It has great delicacy of finish, and there is propriety in all the accessories introduced.

No. 479. *The Absent Philosopher*. J. G. MIDDLETON.—This is an embodiment of the story related of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who, sitting smoking *tête-à-tête* with a lady whom

he loved, in a fit of abstraction, seized her hand, and used her finger as a tobacco-stopper. If it were not for an air of stiffness in the figures, this would be a telling work. There has been much care bestowed upon it, and it contains some superior handling. The artist, however, has painted it for too near a point of view.

Of the sculpture we have nothing to say, since there is no figure or group which rises above or sinks below mediocrity.

New Publications.

Conversations-Lexicon für Bildende Kunst. Eister Band. Leipzig. London, Williams and Norgate.

THIS is a magnificent work, the completion of which will do honour to Germany. It is a dictionary of art, elaborately and learnedly compiled, and profusely illustrated. It comprises biographies of artists, descriptions and histories of great works of art, treatises on art, and full information on that which may be termed the *mechanics* of art. Wherever necessary for the explanation of the subject, the engraver has been summoned to the aid of the author, and the pages are profusely decorated with woodcuts of extraordinary merit, making the work almost a pictorial magazine of art, as well as a collection of all the learning relating to it. The size is royal octavo; the pages are closely but not inconveniently printed; the first volume contains no less than 640 of these pages, and yet it only carries the dictionary to the close of the letter A. From this a judgment may be formed of the extent and consequent value of this magnificent undertaking. The essay on Egyptian art is one of the most laborious and most thoughtful papers we ever read, suggesting many new ideas upon a subject which, until the perusal of this, we had supposed to be exhausted.

The cost of this publication is so moderate, so invaluable are its contents, that no lover of art, familiar with the language of Germany, should be without it. And for those who are not able to read it in the original we hope that a translation will be attempted, and sure we are that, if published in parts, at a moderate price, with illustrations of equal merit (or probably the use of the same blocks might be had), a well-executed translation would find a ready and extensive sale in this country.

As the work proceeds we shall have frequent occasion to notice the successive volumes. In the meanwhile, we throw out the above hint to the enterprise of Messrs. WILLIAMS and NORGATE.

Photographic Manuals, Nos. I. and II. London, Willats. THE purpose of this useful little work is to describe minutely the various photographic processes; it contains practical hints for the employment of the Daguerreotype, the Calotype, and the Eriergatype, with ample directions for fixing colours and engraving the pictures. It will be an invaluable assistant to those who possess the apparatus, sparing them much needless expense, and many disappointments.

GOSSIP ON ART.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The place of Keeper of the Prints, held by the late Mr. Josi, is now actively canvassed for. We hope the claims of deserving artists will have a just preference; for, alas! few are the places of emolument that fall to their lot. We highly approve of Mr. Eastlake's appointment in the National Gallery, as only a just tribute to so accomplished an artist. We hope the noble directors of the British Museum may be influenced by the like motives in their distribution of office. We have heard that among the candidates are Mr. Carpenter, of Bond-street, and Colonel Batty!

COST OF DECORATING PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—The painting of the hall of Greenwich Hospital by Sir James Thornhill was begun in 1708 and finished in 1727. The cost was 6,685*l.* being at the rate of 3*l.* the square yard for the ceiling, and 1*l.* for the sides. The following account of prices paid to Sir James Thornhill for decorating the walls of buildings, extracted from Walpole's notice of his life, shews the amount of value set on such works:—For painting the dome of St. Paul's, 40*s.* the square yard; for painting the great hall at Greenwich Hospital, ditto; for painting the staircase and hall of the South Sea Company's building, 25*s.* the square yard; for the hall at Blenheim, ditto.—*Pye's Patronage of British Art.*

The sculptor, Vitali, has just completed models of the twelve colossal statues of the Apostles; to be cast in bronze, and placed over the great gate of the Isaac's Church, in St. Petersburg. The pediment has been already ornamented by bas-reliefs from the same hand: and the Government having made the frescoes and mosaics which are to decorate this greatest of the Christian temples of the East the subjects of public competition, the cartoons of the candidates are now exhibiting in the halls of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city.

NECROLOGY.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

(From the *Dublin University Magazine*.)

SUCH of our readers, and we believe they are very many, who from time to time have with ourselves welcomed Mrs. James Gray's contributions to our pages, will be concerned to hear that she is no longer with us. She died at Sunday's Well, Cork, on the morning of Tuesday, January 28th ult. She had scarcely entered on her 33rd year, and with every hope of a maturity of powers, to which she was evidently fast attaining, it has been the mysterious will of God to remove her hence. Her death was, like her life, tranquil and happy, and full of peace; it was to a certain extent sudden, but by one who lived as our friend lived, could hardly have been unexpected.

Mary Anne Browne was born at the Elms, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, on the 24th of September, 1812. The genius for poetry which in after-years distinguished her, she exhibited from her cradle; and we have heard her say she could not recollect when she was not clothing her thoughts in verse. Even when of such tender years that her parents thought it too early to have her instructed in writing, she invented a sort of alphabet of her own, of which the letters were grotesque imitations of the characters of print, united with such abbreviations as necessity compelled her to resort to. This she did for the purpose of noting down her thoughts, which, with many other individuals of similar gifts, she felt a kind of burden until recorded.

One of these early poems we have chanced on, and we shall print it, not so much that it may be contrasted with later productions, as rather for the purpose of shewing her quickness in mental development. Cowley wrote verses, we believe, at fifteen, and Pope and Chatterton even earlier. The lines following, composed at thirteen, and bearing their deficiencies on their head and front, may be listened to, even after theirs whom we have instanced. Sorrowful sentences they are to issue from a mere child's lips; and the words in the concluding stanza—

"My Sun too early risen, must set
Ere noon,"

would now seem almost tinged with a prescient spirit. *It did go down "while it was yet day," yet not in clouds, but in majestic brightness:—*

MYSELF—1845.

"There was a time—a happy time,
And 'tis not many years ago,
When grief I knew not, sin, nor crime,
Had never felt the touch of woe;
I was as other children then,
I ne'er shall be like them again.

"I am a child as yet in years,
But not like other children. Strange
That woman's hopes and woman's tears
Should come on me, and work such change
So soon. But gone is childhood's chain,
My heart shall ne'er be young again.

"I still enjoy some sportive hours,
But not with such an ardent breast;
I still can weave me fairy flowers,
But not with Childhood's playful zest,
There is a something in my brain
That will not let it rest again.

"It is for Youth to weep at woe,
For Age to hard it in the heart;
But not a tear of mine will flow,
Though I have had of grief my part.
Mine is a hidden secret pain,
Tears I shall never know again.

"I cannot look without regret
Upon the April morn of life;
My Sun, too early risen, must set
Ere noon, amidst dark clouds and strife;
Who Youth's sweet dream would not retain?
Who would not be a child again?"

With Miss Browne the power of verse was not only an "accomplishment," as our great Wordsworth terms it, it was an inherent possession. It was born with her, and it lingered with her even through the gloom of a dying chamber. A child of such early promise, it is not surprising her parents, with much pride, sought to second her inclinations; and a selection of these ju-

venile efforts appeared in 1827, under the title of *Mont Blanc and other Poems*. Next year was published *Ada*, and in the year after but one, *Repentance*, which were followed, in 1834, by the *Coronet*, and in 1836 by the *Birthday Gift*.

About this time Mr. Browne's family removed from their secluded residence in Berkshire to the town of Liverpool, for the purpose of giving the only son of the house a mercantile education, to which he had destined himself. Higher feelings, however, after a little while swayed him, and his hours of recreation were devoted to studying for our own University, where, having received his education with considerable credit, he was afterwards ordained for a field of duty in England. The extended literary opportunities which Liverpool afforded exercised a very beneficial influence on Miss Browne's mind; and the knowledge of foreign literature, and more especially of German, which she now acquired, opened out to her new domains in the world of thought. Her name, which had now spread itself, brought an easy introduction to the Chorley family, to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and other literateurs, and by Dr. Mackenzie's advice she was recommended to try her chances in our own magazine. Our number for June 1839, opened with a "Midsummer Anthology," the first flowers of which were twelve Sketches from the *Antique*, followed by "a Merchant's Musings," and a "Sonnet to the late Adam Clarke"—and all by Miss Browne. In the same year *Ignatia* was published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co. of London, and in the year 1840 a tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry*, containing many exquisite pieces, was issued by the same publishers.

Nor, while thus engaged in the bright realms of fancy, was Miss Browne forgetful of the real duties of life. Her desires to do good were all of a practical nature. The poor were ever in her regard; but she deemed it insufficient to bestow on them mere feeling or sympathy. Acts were wanting, and she gave them these tangible evidences. Few thought on reading her poetry at this time, that much of it was penned in the intervals of the distressing duties of a district visitor; or that the Miss Browne, whom many would have set down as a mere sentimental young lady, was day after day visiting the sick and infirm—strengthening the weak—cheering with hopes of immortality the dying.

In 1842 she was married to one in every respect capable of making her happy, a Scotch gentleman—Mr. James Gray. Himself the nephew and constant companion of the Ettrick Shepherd—his father before him had been the dear friend of Scotland's great poet, Burns. Rarely have father and son enjoyed such honour! The Rev. James Gray was among the first and ablest vindicators of Burns's memory, and he is yet gratefully remembered by his countrymen for such service. He was also one of the earliest to acknowledge the claims of his kinsman, Hogg, and to aid him with literary counsel and encouragement. As one of the founders of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and among its earliest contributors, his name must be also honourably mentioned; and when the project of establishing *Maga* was first bruited, he was among those proposed for the office of editor. Mr. James Gray, the younger, spent much of his early life at Mount Benger—diversified by occasional visits to Edinburgh in Hogg's company, where he found himself at home with Wilson and Lockhart, and the other knights of St. Ambrose. "It was curious," our poor friend one day remarked to us, "that while my scribbling habits brought me in contact with much of the literary genius of England, my husband should have mixed so much, in his youthful years, with the great spirits of Scotland."

On Miss Browne's marriage, she came to reside in one of the picturesque outlets of the city of Cork, Sunday's Well; and here all her later poems were written. Her little home here was a truly happy one, and though comparatively humble, few roofs in the adjoining city had so little repining, and so much of tranquil joy beneath them. Here she collected the materials for her last volume, *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*, which our own publishers brought out last year, and which our readers will find reviewed in our number of June last. We shall not now add to the more obvious characteristics of her poetry, which we then took occasion to point out. There is an exquisite grace in her verse, and a rich melody flowing in sweetness like the music of the winding brook. There is no dash nor storm in her descriptions; but, on the other hand, neither have we to complain of what is tame and prosaic, and if we are not surprised, we are not at any time left disappointed. She did not essay high themes, in which failure is almost necessarily encountered; but she loved to delineate human griefs and joys, and to paint all those finer feelings which dwell more especially in the female breast. In all these respects she closely resembled Mrs. Hemans; and the good public, not satisfied with this sisterhood in genius, sought to establish a similar family connection, which did not subsist. They were alike in art, but had no other connection, and had never met. If Mrs. Gray did not possess that proud joy in chivalry, which brought to Mrs. Hemans so many heroes from the paladins and troubadours of the middle ages, it was because she had exchanged it for a reverential acquaintance with the old legends of Greece—its romantic history, and

poetic religion. Her poems are the old *mythi*, finely told us by the pure lips of a woman. The concluding series, given in our number for January, is, perhaps, the best; and with a sad fitness, the last of the *Sketches* was a "Hymn to Mors." How little deemed we, in the review of these poems to which we have referred, when speaking of the progress the volume sufficiently indicated, and pointing to future triumphs for its author, that it was the last book which should appear from her hands, or that with the incoming year, that head should be pillowed in the silent grave!

The eight volumes, the names of which we have given, comprise the whole of Mrs. Gray's writings, which she gathered together; but scattered in various periodicals, and in the annuals, is to be found the *matériel*, both in prose and verse, of probably two or three more. As a prose writer, she is hardly known; because, until only very recently, in all such contributions, she sought the anonymous. Our own pages, however, contain many graceful specimens of her power in this respect; and we believe we violate no confidence in instancing the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." They were from Mrs. Gray's pen; and with only the disguise of an assumed profession for the writer, were simple facts—things which had come under her own personal observation.

Of the many members of the *corps* of literature whom it has been our fortune—good or ill—to have mixed with, we knew none who realized to us so entirely the Italian gift of "improvisation." She wrote, she has told us, as though from another's dictation; or as if transcribing from an open volume. Her thoughts, in their overflowing richness, yielded abundant supply, and she was never at a loss for expression. The poem of "Leonine," for example, which contains a hundred and twenty stanzas of four lines each, was the work of a single evening, yet it abounds it felicitous words and thoughts, and is distinguished by the same sweep of melody which characterizes all her compositions. So facile was she in versifying, and so almost necessarily were her words linked to numbers, that when not overwheeled by the drudgery of pen-work, she would write her letters home in verse; and we believe the last thing she laid hand to was the "Christmas Carol," addressed to her venerable parents, in which she sent them her filial congratulations and prayers for their good during the new year. "How my father's old eyes," she wrote, in inclosing us a copy, "will fill with tears, on seeing that though far from him on that day, he is ever present to my thoughts!" And those aged eyes now can only rain down their weak torrents, that the daughter of such hopes is so soon laid low—"Gieb diessen," Schiller makes *Don Carlos* say, "Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!"

Mrs. Gray's published writings we have enumerated; among her unpublished works, and which she herself destroyed, were some tragedies, also translations of many of Theodore Körner's finest lyrics, and of some of the impressive scenes in the *Faust* of Göethe. Twice she destroyed much of her literary labour—at her "two great burnings" as she termed them—lest in any way what she had done but for her private amusement, should be set forth in the glaring light of publicity; once, a little while since, when her German translations, and studies in the language of the *Eichenland*, perished; and the former case was in earlier life, when the journals and jottings of youth, and the miscellaneous gatherings of "idle hours not idly spent," were all consigned to the flames. She no doubt exercised sound discretion with the latter; but we had wished her German studies had come down to us.

In furnishing our readers with this brief sketch of our gifted friend, we have purposely kept out of view allusion to that "inner life," into which the public may be excused penetrating. It is so difficult, besides, to observe the true limit in speaking of the departed, that we have spared ourselves in doing so. We regard with revolting shudder the "friend," who is not contented till the sacredness of domestic privacy be intruded on, and every half-spoken wish or word be stereotyped for the cold eye of the stranger. Suffice it, then, that Mrs. Gray's daily life was eminently beautiful. Her tastes were simple, pure, and womanly. The love of nature, which she acquired in the scenes of childhood, in ripper years grew into a passion; and flowers, and trees, and the wild birds of heaven were companions of whose converse she could never weary. Her faith was true and unshrinking; and her piety was neither imaginary nor austere. She seemed ever happy, not because she had no cares, but because she felt anxiety to be at once useless and sinful. There was in her disposition much to admire, much to sympathise in; little that one could wish to be altered, and still less that one could desire taken away. The child of impulse very often; her impulses, notwithstanding, were controlled by gentleness and truth; while, in all things, her unselfishness was such as to be regarded by her friends as very characteristic.

We have outlined no perfect character, nor was it our desire to do so; for we know nothing could, were it possible, pain the dead more. She knew well the awful distance which divides the creature from the Creator, and she would have shrunk from ap-

propriating, even in idea, what is the attribute of the Infinite alone. The feverish dreams of youth, with all their idle and passionate regrets, had given way to clearer light; and had Mrs. Gray lived, we might have looked for proud successes for her. But it has pleased God to allot it otherwise, and we can only weave this tribute of our regret for her early departure:—

These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion.

MISS LINWOOD.

It is our painful duty this week to record the demise of one of the most gifted and remarkable women of the age in which she lived, and to whom Leicester had the honour of giving birth—we allude to the death of Miss Mary Linwood, which took place on Sunday, at her residence, Belgrave-gate, in this town. The deceased was born in the year 1756, and was in the ninetieth year of her age. She was taken ill last year, while on her annual visit to her inimitable exhibition of needlework in London, and was brought to Leicester in an invalid carriage on the 27th of September last. Although she did not rally again to any considerable extent, hopes were entertained until about new year's day that she would recover strength, but an attack of influenza seizing her at the time, it became evident that debility would gain the mastery, and since which period she gradually sank until the hour of her death.—*Leicester Mercury.*

MR. SAMUEL RUSSELL, THE COMEDIAN, AND FATHER OF THE STAGE.

This once celebrated actor, famous for his performance of *Jerry Sneak*, in the *Mayor of Garratt*, expired on Wednesday, the 26th ult. at the house of his daughter, in Gravesend, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, having been born in 1766. Mr. Russell's name, as an actor, is associated with the brightest period of the English drama, when John Kemble, Charles Kemble, King, Lewis, Elliston, Fawcett, Dowton, Munden, John Bannister, Emery, H. Johnson, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Bland, Madame Storace, and Miss O'Neil shed the lustre of their talent nightly on the boards of our Royal theatres. The father of the late comedian was himself an actor of celebrity in the provinces, and initiated his son into the mysteries of the stage; for when only nine years of age he was, with Miss Romanizi (afterwards Mrs. Bland), the great English ballad singer, performing at the Royal Circus, now the Surrey Theatre. In 1787 he gave entertainments by himself in the City. In 1812 he accompanied Elliston, as stage manager to the Surrey, and was that gentleman's second in the bloodless duel between him and Vincent Decamp, at Finchley-common, on the 9th of September of that year. In the last two seasons before the death of Morris, the Haymarket Theatre proprietor, Mr. Russell was engaged as stage-manager; and his last professional effort as a director was in 1838-9, when Mr. Bunn appointed him as stage-manager at Drury-lane. On the retirement of his old colleague Dowton from the stage, Russell played *Jerry Sneak* to Dowton's *Major Sturgeon*, at the Italian Opera, in 1840, and much interest was excited by the appearance of the two theatrical patriarchs acting together once more. His own farewell benefit took place at the Haymarket in the season of 1842, on which occasion he appeared as *Jerry Sneak*, and delivered an address. The proceeds of that night were lodged in the hands of a large discounting firm well known, through whose insolvency, a short time afterwards, Mr. Russell lost the whole amount. He was not attached to the Dramatic Fund of Drury-lane, from a mistaken notion that he would never require its aid. Mr. Russell was twice married, and had a number of children by each wife.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of *THE CRITIC* to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

GLASS FOR LENSES.—A communication respecting a subject of great importance in the arts and in certain branches of science was made by Mr. Claudet, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts.—viz. on the improvements recently introduced into the manufacture of glass for optical purposes. The importance of this invention will be clearly understood if we reflect that upon the perfection of glass depends entirely the power and utility of the telescope, and hitherto the manufacture of a material possessing the requisite properties in a sufficiently high degree has been a matter of infinite difficulty and uncertainty. The

defects most injurious to glass employed in the construction of philosophical instruments were, the numerous filaments and lines, called by opticians "striae," and also the spots produced by the bubbles of confined air. These defects arose from the almost impossibility of obtaining an intimate mixture during the fusion of the different materials composing the glass. A means has, however, been discovered by M. Bontemps, a French gentleman, founded upon an old process invented by a Swiss, of the name of Guinand, and it is this invention that formed the subject of Mr. Claudet's communication. By an ingenious contrivance a complete mixture of the materials, when molten, is obtained, so as to produce perfect homogeneity and the entire destruction of all defects in the glass. Lenses, with scarcely any blemishes, may be made of two or even three feet in diameter; and it was stated in Mr. Claudet's paper that the inventor has undertaken to furnish to the Royal Observatory at Paris the lenses for an achromatic object-glass of a *metre* (about 40 inches) in diameter. We are happy to be able to add that this interesting process has been adopted by the Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, by whom the manufacture of glass shades and sheet-glass has been already introduced into this country. A discovery of such importance to science cannot be too highly appreciated, as upon it the perfection and accuracy of telescopes and other optical instruments are solely dependent. At the conclusion of the paper a long discussion took place upon the subject, and a vote of thanks was proposed by the chairman (Benjamin Rotch, esq.) and unanimously accorded, to Mr. Claudet.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of *THE CRITIC* is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

THE fourth meeting of the society was held on Saturday, the 1st inst. There was a very full attendance of members. The secretary read several communications; two members were ballotted for and admitted, and two others proposed.

Ellen Dawson, who was experimented on at the last meeting, was then introduced, and in a few seconds mesmerised. A gentleman having placed himself *en rapport* with her, the following dialogue took place:—"Will you travel with me to Dover, to my residence?" "Yes." "We'll go by the railway. Now we're on the rail." After a short time she exclaimed, "We're coming to a tunnel; now we are in the tunnel. How very cold it is—oh! (shrugging her shoulders.) What a very long tunnel. Now we are in the light again." After a pause she said, "Now we're passing through another tunnel;—it was shorter." Not making any observation for some time, she was asked, "Have you got to Dover?" "I think we have, I see the sea." She then made remarks on the aspect of the place, some of which were incorrect. On being asked to go to the experimenter's residence, she said, "I see a row of large houses; it is a crescent. At what number do you live?" "At No. 26." She then said, "There are no numbers on the doors, they must be on the other side." "Come round to the other side. What number are you at now?" "No. 1; we have a long way to go round." "Where have we reached now?" "We are at No. 30." (There are but twenty-nine houses.) At length she arrived at No. 26, and in reply to the question, "What are the numbers marked in?" "In gold." (They are of raised brass.) She was next desired to open the door and walk in, and enter the dining-room. "What," exclaimed she, "the room exactly opposite?" "Yes. What do you see there?" "I see crimson curtains and black-bottomed chairs." (Correct.) She also rightly described the pattern of the carpet; but observed there was a glass-case in the room with something within it—which was not the case. Being requested to go into the next room, she inquired "What, the one on the right of the front door—the library?" "Yes. What do you see on the mantel-piece?" "I see something; it is not a time-piece." "What is it?" "It's a head." "Describe it." "It's braided-like, and there's words on it." (Correct; it is a large phrenological head, the division of the organs being marked in colours, and the names written thereon.) "What else do you see?" "I see a picture of a gentleman." "Describe him." "He has got white hair." (Wrong.) "Look again." "Oh, no, his hair is dark; he is a dark man." "Have

you ever seen any one like him?" "Yes; he is like Dr. Elliottson. It is Dr. Elliottson." (Right.) Subsequently she said she saw a lady in the drawing-room, who wore ringlets. This was at half-past ten o'clock; and on the questioner writing to Dover to inquire into the truth of this answer, it was found that a lady answering that description was in the dining-room at a subsequent time in the evening. It was tried whether she could read with eyes blindfolded. A handkerchief was tied over them, and she could describe any thing lying on the table, but not if brought to a level with her eyes.

FURTHER INVESTIGATION OF THE CASE OF ELLEN DAWSON.—The curious particulars of this case, as reported among the proceedings of the Society in the last CRITIC, and again in THE CRITIC of this day, so excited our curiosity that we have been anxious still further to examine her, with a view to satisfy ourselves of the fact that she really possesses the extraordinary power of *clairvoyance*. As a plain narrative of what is done will be more satisfactory than any mere conclusions of our own, we shall continue to report the result of our inquiries, leaving our readers to form their own opinions from the facts we lay before them, and as we shall have frequent opportunity of pursuing our researches into this interesting case, we trust no apology will be needful if we often revert to it.

On the day following the meeting of the Society at which the examination narrated in our last took place, we were again permitted to see her. On this occasion she was mesmerised from another room, apparently without her knowledge, and she fell asleep while in the midst of a lively conversation.

We now asked her to accompany us to our native town of T—, and to the house of a parent residing there. The following dialogue ensued.

"How do we go into the house?" "Through a door that leads into a garden." (Right.) "How then?" "We go along a covered walk with flowers all about it." (Right; there is a verandah.) "When you go in at the door, how are the rooms?" "On the right is the parlour." (Right.) "What beside?" "On the left is a library." (Wrong.) "Go into the parlour." "Well." "How many windows are there?" "One large one." (Right.) "How does it open?" "It does not slide; you can walk out at it." (Right; it has a French casement opening into the garden.) "What do you see in the room?" "Some pictures." "Can you describe any of them?" "Oh yes; there is one very large one." "What is it about?" "It looks like hunting; there are the animals running, but I don't see any hunters; how funny." "Look steadily, and tell me what more you see." "Ah! there is the sea behind, and a ship, and such a dreadful storm; and there are horses and men, but they are not like hunters: they have got off their horses, I suppose to help the people in the ship." "Do you see any thing else?" "Yes; there are rocks at the side, and there is the lightning coming down, and the rock is on fire. (There is a large picture in this room of a storm piece. In the background is the sea, violently agitated, with a ship riding the waves. A flash of lightning—vilely painted as a bright streak—runs from the sky all across the picture, striking the rock, which is represented as if in a flame; in the foreground goats are running in dismay from the burning rock; two horses have escaped from a waggon, and two waggoners are standing terror-stricken, looking up at the sky. But we find it difficult to describe it so accurately as did the girl in her trance.) "Is there any other picture?" "O yes, a very pretty one." "What is its subject?" "It looks like the gate of a castle." "Well." (It is necessary to explain that there is a small water-colour drawing of Glastonbury Abbey, and one's thoughts were fixed on that, curious to see if she would recognize it. The other picture had quite escaped our attention), "look at it steadily; what do you see now?" "There's the sea." "Are you sure?" "Quite sure; I see it through the archway—it runs under it. Such a great arch!" (Then, and not till then, did we remember that there is in the room a large picture of *Pingal's Cave*, seen from the interior,—the sea of course flowing under it.)

Such are the simple facts. Until we have made many more trials we will not venture upon an opinion; but they are sufficient to stimulate investigation; and we shall continue to submit to our readers the results of our experiments.—EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

BRISTOL.—CASE OF MR. J. T.—(From a Correspondent.)—The following case, though exhibiting little of the marvellous, affords good evidence of the value of Mesmerism as a therapeutic agent. Mr. J. T.—, an artist residing in Bristol, has for some years been subject to periodical fits of gout, which usually last a month or six weeks. Calling on him one morning, I found him seated in an easy chair, and his foot, which was much swollen and exceedingly painful, resting on cushions. He had not been able to put it to the ground, but had hobbled from

his bed-room to his painting-room on crutches. I persuaded him to be mesmerised, and he readily consented, not from having any faith in the science, but because the violence of the pain made him willing to try any thing which would hold forth the slightest chance of relief. I commenced by gazing intently at him, and holding his thumbs pressed to mine for a few minutes, and then made rapid passes, with slight contact, over the leg and foot. In a very short time he cried out that *the pain had entirely ceased*, and that he felt the most delightful sensation he had ever experienced, a kind of titillation, as though innumerable electrical sparks were passing in every direction through his foot. He found no inconvenience from the contact of my hands, although previously the limb had been so sensitive that the bare idea of any thing touching it would have given him the horrors. The swelling gradually subsided during the manipulations, and when I ceased, he could move his toes, and twist his foot about in any direction; and he walked up and down the room without his crutch. The flesh was sore, but the pain was gone, and did not return for seven or eight hours. When I saw him in the evening the pain and swelling had returned, but were in a few minutes removed by the same process, and he continued easy till six o'clock the next morning. At ten o'clock he was again magnetized, with the same results. I was engaged that evening, and could not go to him, consequently he passed a very bad night, unable to sleep through the pain. The next morning I continued the passes for a much longer time than before, and the cure was completed. The same day he walked three miles, and the next went about town as usual. Neither somnolence, nor any of the ordinary mesmeric phenomena appeared at all in this case, but no doubt remains either on my mind or that of the patient, that the whole credit of the cure was due to Mesmerism alone; for to give the treatment a fair chance, he consented to take no medicine. Imagination could have nothing to do with it, for the actual results were anticipated by neither of us. We expected, if any effect at all took place, that he would go to sleep; but the instant cessation of pain, and the rapid reduction of the swelling were quite unlooked for. The coincidence, in point of time, of these results with the manipulations, at every sitting, certainly justifies the inference, that they stood in the relation of cause and effect; and in this case, surely, no candid reader will accuse me of confounding the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*. While writing the above, I received a letter from the brother of Miss Webb, whose case appeared in your last number, which states that the physician who had previously attended her, "thinks that Mesmerism has completely renovated her constitution." J. W. R.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Permit me, through the columns of your impartial journal, to call the attention of all parties interested in the progress of that philosophical curiosity—Mesmerism—to a volume recently published in Germany, by Justus Kerner, Chief Physician of Weimar, containing some of the most extraordinary and intensely interesting accounts of the Seersess, or female Seer, of Prevorst, of which I am glad to see an English translation announced for immediate publication by that deservedly favourite writer, Mrs. Crowe. We look forward, not on our own behalf only, but also on behalf of our non-German reading friends, to the appearance of this work with intense interest, anticipating the commencement of a new era in the annals of Animal Magnetism. The work, of which Mrs. Crowe's translation is announced, is entitled "Revelations of the Seersess of Prevorst, being Revelations concerning the Inner Life of Man, and the inter-diffusion of a World of Spirits in the one we inhabit;" and contains some of the most startling and authenticated accounts ever submitted to the public. The name of the contributor, Justus Kerner, M.D. is a sufficient guarantee that nothing unauthenticated will be found in these pages.

March 8, 1845.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
F. G. MOORE, M.R.C.S.L.

Mesmerism; or, Facts against Fallacies. In a Letter to the Rev. G. Sandby. By ADOLPHE KISTE, Esq. London, 1845. H. Ballière.

Facts and Fallacies of Mesmerism, demonstrated to its Friends and Opponents in Two Lectures. By A. WAGNER, Ph. D. London, 1845. Stevenson.

THE publication of these pamphlets, followed by Mr. NEWN-HAM's *Human Magnetism*, the work of a surgeon who set himself to write against it, and was convinced of its truth by the investigations he had made for its disproof (received too late for review in this CRITIC), is further evidence of the growing interest taken by the educated and thinking portion of the community in the phenomena of Mesmerism. As it is the design of this department of THE CRITIC to record the

progress of thought and of discovery on a subject which, if true, cannot but lead to mighty results, by throwing light upon the physiology of the mind, and its relationship with matter, besides affording the best *proof* of its immateriality and consequent immortality which has been yet obtained apart from revelation, we notice these little works, and whatever of novelty we can find in them.

Mr. KISTE's Letter was provoked by an attack upon Mesmerism which had appeared in a Hampshire newspaper. Mr. KISTE had been the means of effecting an extraordinary cure on the person of the Hon. Mrs. HARE, a lady of rank and fortune residing at Blake Lodge, in that county. This appears to have excited the jealousy of a neighbouring physician, who wrote the letter in question. Mr. KISTE replied, and Mrs. HARE, with a magnanimity that deserves the highest praise, wrote an account of her own case, and placed it in his hands to be wielded by him as a *fact* against the *fallacies* of the doctor. The correspondence was afterwards collected and published, together with Mrs. HARE's narrative, a letter to the Rev. Mr. SANDBY, and the reverend gentleman's reply, in the pamphlet upon our table.

We need not repeat the arguments by which Mr. KISTE meets the semi-admissions and semi-contradictions of his opponent. The most interesting part to our readers will be the *facts*, which we slightly abridge, of the

CASE OF THE HON. MRS. HARE.

During eighteen years I suffered from an affection of the heart. The complaint commenced with sudden attacks of faintness, increase of pulse, and pressure on the arms, and generally ended with sickness. The paroxysms occurred irregularly, sometimes four or five times a week, and more frequently during the night. Stimulants at first shortened the paroxysms, but soon lost their effect; and these became more frequent and severe.

Mr. Hare being anxious that I should have the best medical advice, took me to Dr. Warren, whose opinion was, that my sufferings proceeded from the heart, but he could not say how it was affected; he gave me prescriptions which I followed for a certain time without benefit.

In February 1834 I consulted Dr. Elliotson. He examined me repeatedly with the stethoscope, and declared he could detect no organic disease of the heart, though he found it beat too strongly. He considered my disease to be neuralgia or tic douloureux of the nerves of the heart, from the constant aching in one spot, the sudden excruciating pain at the breast-bone, running through to the back, with a dragging sensation down the left arm and leg, an odd sensation at the back of the left arm, and numbness of the left leg, and the fact of my having had neuralgia of the right eyebrow. As he could discover no mark of structural disease of the heart, he referred my dying sensations, my all but fainting for even three hours at a time, and the palpitation and the strong action of the heart, especially on ascending, to the condition of the nerves of the organ. He ordered an ointment of veratria to be rubbed on the region of the heart twice a day; and as I suffered from indigestion, as shewn by acidity and loss of appetite, he gave me prussic acid and afterwards creosote, on account of the puffiness of the eyelids, and other reasons; he gave me also sweet nitre, squills, digitalis, and a salt of potass with a spirit of juniper; but I derived no essential benefit. At this time I was habitually taking forty grains of opium a day.

I then gave up all hopes of ever being relieved, and for the last three years I have not consulted any medical man, and my complaint continued up to last September, with increased violence and frequency; the agonies I suffered were so severe, that I have often thought it impossible to live through them.

On the 16th of September last we had some friends to dinner, amongst whom was Mr. Kiste, who is an amateur Mesmerist, and has been successful in curing diseases which had baffled the skill of medical men. He expressed a wish to try his power; but as our friend Mr. B., Mons. Lafontaine, and Dr. Ashburner had failed to produce the sleep, I sat down with the idea that I could not be affected by Mesmerism; he sat before me earnestly and steadily gazing in my eyes. In a few minutes I felt a most unusual tranquillity of mind; the objects in the room seemed to lose their outline; and the last thing I remember having seen were my Mesmeriser's eyes. I was afterwards told, that in eight minutes I sank down in the arm-chair, and that Mr. K. pronounced me to be in what is called Mesmeric Somnambulism, a peculiar state of the nervous system. After nearly two hours' sleep, Mr. K. awoke me, and I felt tranquil, but very sleepy.

That night, for the first time after having had paroxysms every night for three weeks previously, I was not only free from an attack, but slept soundly till late in the morning, when I awoke quite refreshed.

Mr. K. who was on a visit with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dartmouth, joined our party at dinner the next day. I was mesmerised again; and that night I had a slight attack, but slept well before and after, a very unusual occurrence. Mr. K. called the next morning, when I looked rather unwell; and he kindly proposed to mesmerise me again in the evening; that night I slept very soundly and undisturbed, and felt refreshed the next morning.

Mr. K. afterwards informed me, that he had ascribed the cause of my previous bad night to the presence of some friends who interfered by talking; and that when in the trance, I had attributed it to that disturbance. That the highest phenomena of Mesmerism, which are very rarely developed, were manifested in my case, such as Intro-vision, which had enabled me to point out the exact seat of the complaint. Mr. K. treats the subject very seriously, and does not think the power was given to man to be used as a plaything. He then inquired into all the details connected with my former sufferings, and considered my case as curable. He came afterwards to stay with us at various times, and his attention has been unceasing.

Since that day, Sept. 17, I have been entirely free from these attacks, with the exception of having several times felt the symptoms when I had taken cold, or when Mr. K. was not with us; but it has not come to any thing more than a little faintness. I know nothing of my former agonies except by memory. My general constitution has changed. I am much thinner; and in the course of three months I have twice had occasion to have my dresses much diminished, and I am now able to walk five or six miles without the least fatigue.

How sincerely grateful ought I to feel for such a merciful and restoring power, and to an individual who has exercised his skill with such truly happy results.

And now I must relate circumstances connected with facts that must perhaps be deemed more strikingly illustrative of the extraordinary power of mesmeric influence than even those I have already related.

Thirty-eight years ago I contracted a habit of taking opium, which was formed by finding its soothing and beneficial effects when given to me in small quantities in a severe illness I had about eight or nine months after my marriage; whenever I felt pain or uneasiness, I had recourse to it. Mr. Hare at that time was not aware of it, and being then very young (not much above sixteen years), I did not reflect on the baneful consequences of such a habit. When I became again strong and healthy, I gave it up by degrees, but in another illness I resorted to it; this was with Mr. Hare's knowledge, and through him, an old friend of my family, Dr. B. who had known me from my birth, became acquainted with the fact. He remonstrated so strongly with me on the dreadful consequences of such a habit, that I was induced to leave it off. The quantity I took at that time was from six to seven grains daily. The result of my discontinuing it was extreme suffering both in mind and body, so that in about six weeks I was laid up with a nervous fever, and it was found absolutely necessary that I should have recourse to it again. Whenever afterwards I have tried to discontinue it or reduce the quantity, I invariably have suffered so much from general debility and wretchedness, that at last I resolved never to make the trial again; and the medical men whom I have consulted have encouraged me in this resolution by the opinion they have expressed to me, that it would be death to me were I to do so. At the period I have referred to, when I first consulted Dr. Warren, I was in the habit of taking from forty to sixty grains daily.

Having been for nearly two months free from my usual sufferings, Mr. Kiste proposed to me to diminish my doses. Although I thought this an impossibility, I made the trial, when I found I did not as formerly feel the loss. I continued by degrees to lessen the quantity, and from having at that time been in the habit of taking from sixty-six to upwards of eighty-six grains daily, I have now reduced it to considerably less than thirty, and I am going on to diminish the quantity.

In thus giving a plain statement, I do not enter into explanations or theories, but describe facts as they arose.

I was a dreadful sufferer for many years. I now am free from that suffering, and in the enjoyment of health and comfort. Whereas I was ill! I am now well!

In thus coming forward, I am fully aware that I expose myself to the ridicule of small minds and the observations of the malevolent: to both I am perfectly indifferent.

My sole object being to do good, and to urge my suffering fellow-creatures to avail themselves of so merciful a means of cure, and have reason to thank the Giver of all good gifts with that heartfelt gratitude I can never cease to feel. C. H.

Dr. WAGNER's lectures were delivered in London in January last. The doctor, it appears, was a pupil of the late Dr. KRAUSE, a famous German professor who had made Mesmerism his study.

In these lectures the doctor endeavours briefly to describe

the most received theory of Mesmerism in Germany; its practice, and the diseases for which it is a remedy.

We are averse to theories in the present state of the science, but they sometimes help to direct attention to particular facts, and so, if not dogmatically held, but received avowedly as mere conjectures, they may be serviceable. The German theory is, that life is universally diffused; that the earth itself is a great living being, spiritually as well as bodily, in which the life of every other living thing has its root. This life is a constituent part of a life diffused throughout the universe, whose centre is God. Man enjoys this *life* in the highest degree, and therefore is able to direct other existences by his will. The nervous system is the connecting link between man and the external world; by that each body draws its portion of life from the general vital powers of the earth, and thence it is conveyed to every part of the body. The nerves continually receiving and emanating vital energy, are capable of imparting it to other human nerves. The Mesmeriser thus becomes the mediator between the universal vital power and the patient, "who receives more readily the individualized vital power from a being similarly organized than from the original and general source."

So far the theory was no novelty, and admits of easy answer; but the following passage throws out a suggestion upon a matter of fact which we would recommend all who interest themselves in the investigation of mesmeric phenomena to take careful note of. The idea has more than once occurred to ourselves that the ganglionic system was intimately connected with the phenomena. So Dr. WAGNER seems to think.

The lever—to return to the expression just employed—which is at the service of men, consists in the *consciousness* of our power, and in the fixing of our will upon the object, for the accomplishment of which we summon forth our vital power from the innermost depths of our physical life. In the usual course of life, the mind acts upon the body as well as the body upon the mind; and it may be observed, by the bye, that it would be attended, with beneficial effects to many were their minds to act more upon their bodies, and their bodies less upon their minds. It is well known that man is capable of more energy when his will is earnestly engaged, than otherwise; equally well known it is, that the influence of the fancy or imagination upon the body is great. Therefore if the brain be regarded as the centre and seat of the power of thinking and willing, the *ganglionic*, or *nervous* system of the abdomen (the principal bond of which—commonly called *plexus solaris*—is situated under what is called the pit of the stomach) is the centre and seat of the natural part of vital power—and the *spinal marrow* as the intermediate link between the brain and the ganglionic system, by which all the organs are set in motion (for which purpose branches of the nerves stretch from the spinal marrow to all the organs of the body, and to the hands and feet); if this be the structure of the system, it must appear that our vital power can be conveyed from its innermost seat with more energy, according as the will is intensely exercised, to the ends of our fingers, and by this most appropriate member to other persons, especially to the ganglionic system, the centre and seat of their vital power. The more earnest and continuous the exercise of the will, the more subtle and permanent will be the communicated influence of the Mesmeriser, the more favourable the relation of the nervous constitution between the Mesmeriser and the patient, so much the more successful will be the results of the operation.

The second lecture describes the conditions in which mesmerism should be undertaken as respects health, age, and sex, temperament, hour of the day, &c.; the *effects* are then stated. Of *clairvoyance* in its higher stages, the lecturer appears to have seen little. He describes but one which he could deem perfectly satisfactory.

The most wonderful clairvoyante whom I have ever seen, and the only one with respect to whom I could unreservedly say that there was no shadow of delusion in the case, was a lady, no longer living, who, about fifteen years ago, resided constantly in Berlin, and was treated by Dr. Wohlfarth, one of the most celebrated of Mesmer's followers. From a feeling of respect for her distinguished family, who live in Prussia and Saxony, I do not feel myself at liberty to mention her name. In her periods of clairvoyance this lady was accustomed to foretell events, which certainly and precisely occurred as foretold; she delivered revelations respecting the character and secret views and actions of other persons which excited the greatest astonishment, and on closer investigation, where such inquiries were possible, she uniformly proved to be correct in her opinions; not to speak of her explanations of nature and many of its mysteries. She possessed

the property, in common with other clairvoyants, as is credibly reported of them, that she was always unusually excited by the proximity of immoral persons, and anxiously desired their removal. This condition usually continued for several weeks, but commonly returned only after the expiration of several months, and was frequently interrupted by a longer or shorter sleep, which was apparently peaceful and healthy.

He concludes with an account of the class of diseases in which he has found Mesmerism most effective. These are, as might have been expected, such as proceed from a disordered condition of the brain and nervous system. He recommends that in all secondary nervous diseases, that is, where the system is affected in consequence of some topical disease, a physician should always accompany the efforts of the Mesmeriser, attacking the cause while the latter removes the effects.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EPITAPH IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ELY.

Yet a verie little, and he that will come

Shall come;

The Speritt and the Bride say

Come!

Let him that heareth say

Come!

Even so, come, Lord Jesu!

URSULA { TYNDAL by birth
Coxee by choice
Upture in age and for comfort

This lady, who died at the age of seventy-seven, was daughter of Dr. Tyndall, dean of Ely, and was called Ursula. She married at twenty a person of the name of Coxee; became a widow at forty-two; and thirty-five years afterwards married a youth, called Upture, for comfort, within two months of her death.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

So dull a publishing season has been rarely seen as is the present. Since our last, but one work of importance has issued from the press, and there is little of promise to look forward to. We much fear, indeed, that cheap reprints are producing the effect of banishing original works; for books that must remunerate an author cannot possibly compete in price with such as have no copyright, and cost nothing but print and paper; and, unhappily, the public appears to estimate cheapness above all other attractions. Thus the diffusion of knowledge, as it is termed, has its evils as well as its advantages. But it is done, and our booksellers should now consider how the evils may best be remedied, and whether it be not practicable to obtain for original works some of the patronage now lavished on reprints, by publishing them at prices equally low, relying on extent of circulation to compensate for the lesser price.

PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—On the 3rd inst. the annual meeting, and twenty-third election of this society, took place at the London Tavern. At one o'clock, the chair was taken by one of the committee, when the balloting commenced, and terminated at four o'clock. There were twenty-one candidates, seven men and fourteen women, out of whom six were elected pensioners, and one to the "Whittingham" pension. After four o'clock, the chair was taken by Mr. R. Taylor, when Mr. Hodson, the secretary, read the report, from which it appeared that the society had been enrolled, and that an increase of 23l. 3s. 9d. in their dividends had been derived from depositing their funds with the National Debt Commissioners. 300l. had been placed to the funded capital at the close of the year, which now amounted to 3,805l. 2s. 6d. Mr. W. Clowes, jun. and Mr. J. S. G. Nichols were elected as trustees. During the past year five pensioners had died, and one male had been removed to a lunatic asylum; two of the deceased were males and three were females. The Whittingham pension is now increased to 7l. 12s. per annum. One hundred and seventeen pensioners had already been elected, and forty-four (nineteen males and twenty-five females) were now on the society's funds. The total receipts for the year were 1,210l. 7s. 4d. and the balance in hand was 90l. 13s. 8d. The names of the successful candidates were now announced:—William Dunn, 3,552; William Watson, 2,784; Robert Beck, 3,408; Robert Jackson, 1,561 (Whittingham pensioner); Mary Dewey, 2,917; Anne Brown, 3,137; and Alice Taylor, 2,578 votes.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.—The Second Annual Meeting of this Association was held at the Albion Tavern, on Thursday the 13th ult. at which Bevis E. Green, esq. presided. The encouraging accounts of its progress given in the Report, and the intimation that the buildings would be commenced, on the land so generously presented by John Dickinson, esq. during the present year, appeared to give general satisfaction. It was stated that the contributions already received were not sufficient for the full accomplishment of this desirable object: it is therefore hoped, the work being now actually in progress, many others will lend their assistance; and thus enable the committee to erect such a building as shall not only realize the long-cherished hopes of its projectors, but at the same time be a monument to future generations of the benevolence of the Trade.

THE MISSING PLAYS OF MOLIERE.—A most interesting discovery has been made within the last few days. It is known that the comedian Lagrange, who edited Molière's plays, had bought, in 1680, the house occupied in 1658, by his favourite author in Rouen. One of the descendants of Lagrange, Monsieur A. Guerault, engaged in a lawsuit, recently visited Rouen to ferret out some family papers in his ancestor's house, and amongst them he discovered a dusty manuscript, bearing the inscription of the *Docteur Amoureux*, known to be the title of one of the missing comedies of Molière. The MS. contains, besides the comedy, the rough sketch of the first scenes in the *Etourdi*, together with a reference, in the play to a well-known interlude which Molière, who was an actor as well as an author, used to introduce in most of his representations. These circumstances concur in establishing the authenticity of the comedy, and will doubtless enhance its value in the eyes of the curious.—*Literary Gazette*.

MR. THOMAS HOOD.—We can hardly congratulate our readers on presenting them, this month, with an effigy of Thomas Hood's outward features, instead of that portraiture of his mind, and those traces of his kindly heart, which he has been wont with his own pen to draw in these pages. During the last month his physical strength has completely given way, and almost as much through incapacity of his hand to hold the pen, as of his brain for any length of time to guide it, he has at last been compelled to desist from composition. Those in whom admiration of the writer has induced also a friendly feeling towards the man, will have some consolation in learning that amidst his sufferings, which have been severe, his cheerful philosophy has never failed him; but that on his sick-bed, as in his writings, and in his life, he has known how to enlighten the melancholy of those around him, and to mingle laughter with their tears. We have thought it due to our readers and to the public thus briefly to make known that Mr. Hood is more seriously ill than even he has ever been before; avoiding to express any hopes or forebodings of our own, or to prejudice the uncertain issues of life and death.—*Hood's Magazine*.

MR. BRIGHT'S LIBRARY.—The sale of this very extensive library was continued at Messrs. Sotheby's, and though the interest was not so great as previously, there were many lots that realized high sums. The following are a few of them:—(649) Bradford, John, the Complaynt of Vertie, made by John Bradford. An exhortation of Mathewe Rogers unto his children. The complaynt of Raufe Allerton and others being prisoners in Loler's Tower, and written with their blood: how God was their comforte. A songe of Caine and Abell, &c. in verse, 1559. A most rare little volume of poems by the Reformers who suffered under Queen Mary. No mention is made of it by Ritson or Lowndes, 17l. (653) Bradshaw (Thos.), "The Shepherd's Starre," now of late scene, and at this hower to be observed marvellous orient in the East. Imperfect, but extremely rare, from the Bib. Anglo Poetica. 4to. R. Robinson, 159l. 9l. 5s. (661) Brand (John), "Popular Antiquities." 2 vols. 4to. 1813. Interleaved with numerous additions in print and manuscript, by Joseph Haslewood. 8l. 15s. (697) Breton (Nic), "Auspiciante Jehova," "Maries Exercise," calf extra, by Lewis. Printed by Thomas Este, 1597. This was a beautiful copy of this probably unique piece, of which no mention is made by any bibliographer. It is dedicated to Mary Countesse of Penbrooke, 19l. (698) Breton (Nic). An excellent Poeme upon the longing of a blessed heart, very fine large copy, rare, 4to. 1601, 8l. 10s. 6d. (725) Brinklow (Henry); the complaint of Roderick Mors, sometyme a gray fryre, unto the Parliament-house of England, hys naturall countrey, for the redresse of certain wycked lawes evell custumes, ad cruell decrees. Imprinted at Geneve in Savoye by Myghell Boys, 5l. 12s. 6d. The day's sale produced altogether 255l. 17s. 6d.

The Baron Humboldt, who is at present in Paris, is about to print there a work, to which he gives the title of *Cosmos*; and which contains a grand summary of all the views on the earth's formation and its various phenomena, moral and physical, which the studies and travels of a life have suggested to the illustrious

author,—corrected and arranged under the double dictation of advanced age and multiplied experience. The subject of this book is already known in Germany; M. de Humboldt having, two or three years ago, made its themes the material of a course of lectures at Berlin. In its new form, it will be the learned author's legacy to the world.

The managers of the Birmingham Philosophical Institution have presented a silver tea-service to Mr. Arthur Ryland, solicitor of that town, in acknowledgment of the service rendered by him to the cause of science, in procuring the Act which exempts literary and scientific institutions from county, borough, parochial, and other local rates.

The fine collection of old English broadside ballads, begun by Bagford for the munificent Earl of Oxford, and largely increased by the Duke of Roxburghe, passed, at Mr. Bright's sale, on the 4th inst. into the keeping of the Trustees of the British Museum, for the sum of 535l. As the Museum already contains Bagford's own private collection of broadside ballads, there is some talk, we understand, of throwing the two collections into one, and of making in this way as complete a collection of rarities of this description as it is now possible to bring together. The Percy Society should not lose sight of this important acquisition to our public treasures.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From Feb. 25 to March 11.

NEW BOOKS.

Self-Inspection. By the Rev. D. KELLY, M.A.
The Olive Leaf.
Sabbath Evening Readings. 1st Series. By the Rev. D. KELLY, M.A.
A Catechism on the History of Things in Common Use. By EMILY E. WILLEMET.
Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy. Part II.
Things Old and New. By the Author of "The Subaltern."
The Young Ladies' Reader. By MRS. ELLIS.
A Manual of Agricultural Chemistry. By THOMAS ANTISELL.
The Cabinet History of England. Vol. III.
Truth and Error.
Old Jolliffe, not a Goblin Story.
Amusements in Chess. By CHARLES TOMLINSON.
Human Magnetism. By W. NEWNHAM, ESQ., M.R.S.L.
Lectures on Electricity. By HENRY M. NOAD.
A Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain. By GEORGE R. GLEIG, M.A.
The Blind Wife; or, The Student of Bonn. A Tragic Romance. By THOMAS POWELL.
Poems. By THOMAS POWELL. A New Edition.
The Spinster at Home in the Close at Salisbury.

NEW EDITIONS.

Lingard's History of England. Vol. X.
Industrial Resources of Ireland. By DR. KANE. Second Edition.
The Claims of Labour. Second Edition.

SERIALS.

Knight's Weekly Volumes. Nos. XXXV. XXXVI.
The O'Donogue. By HARRY LORREQUER. No. III.
The Modern Orator. Parts I. II. III.
Mores Catholici. Part IV.
The Novel Times. Part IV.
The Political Dictionary. Part I.
Conversationslexicon für bildende Kunst. Part I.

PERIODICALS.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for March.
Wade's London Review for March.
Dolman's Magazine. No. I.
George Cruikshank's Table-Book for March.
Dublin University Magazine for March.
Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for March.
Church of England Magazine. Vol. XVII.

MUSIC.

Horneastle's Music of Ireland. Parts I. II. III.
The Lonely Isle. A Ballad. By G. J. ALLMAN.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Mrs. Somerville's Mechanism of the Heavens.
 The Rover's Bride. A Poem.
 Statutes of the Two Last Sessions. Quarto Edition.
 Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.
 Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.
 Carlyle's French Revolution.
 Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. II.
 Moore's Irish Melodies. With the Music. Two Vols.

To Readers and Correspondents.

JUVENIS does not suit us. He has great facility of rhyming, but he wants concentration of thought.
 G. J. O. A.—The same remark applies to his songs.
 M. T. is not quite, but very nearly up to the mark. A little more practice, and success will be assured.
 J. H. L. will not do at all.
 S. G.'s *Theory of Life* is not adapted to our columns.

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